The Australian
# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

Over 750,000 Copies Sold Every Week

PRICE 6d

OCTOBER 10, 1951



## HOME-BUILDING 1951 style

by Wep

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389532




# Brevitt's festival of Fashion

*Fashionable women who 'go places' will love these delightful new British Brevitt 'Heraldics'. To Brevitt's glove-like fit and high fashion this brilliantly styled new range adds the colourful touch of a romantic age.*

1. *'Lionheart' Casanova*
2. *'Pageant' Bouncer* (Pat. No. 138453)
3. *'Cuirass' Bounder* (Pat. No. 138457)
4. *'Glen Moore' Brevwelt*

# British Brevitts

*Your British Brevitts are at Australia's finest stores. For the name of your nearest 'Brevitt Shop' write to BRITISH BREVITT (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Robson House, 338 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389533

# Leroy brings you subtle silk prints with a big fashion future

Cool triumphs of design for the woman who loves fine clothes! These exquisitely patterned silks, fashioned by a master hand, will take you through summer with refreshing elegance and poise. The important fashion details are typical of the fabulous Leroy summer collection now being shown at good stores. Look for *"that lovely line"* ... so distinctively and typically *"Leroy"*.



*Leroy* interprets Paris fashion to your heart's desire in this cool charmer with its knife-pleated apron skirt, softly-draped collar and crisp organdie accent.

*Leroy* captures all the grace and beauty of summer in this cool creation of lotus-splashed silk. Beautifully-cut draped bodice accents a tiny waist.

**P.S. Listen to Marion Harper, your Leroy fashion-observer on Saturday afternoon on 2UW, 3DB, 4BK, 5KA.**



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389534



MICHEL FACE POWDER
silken-smooth, matt-textured, superlatively fine. In Peche, Rachel, Rose Beige, Rose Natural, Sun Tan and Tropic.



MICHEL CREAM MAKE-UP
is specially suited to drier skins. Waterproof and sun-resistant. Peche, Pink Spice, Sun Tan.

MICHEL CAKE MAKE-UP
is so easy to apply. Waterproof and stays on longer. Colours of our Peche, Pink Spice, Sun Tan.



# Loveliness . . .
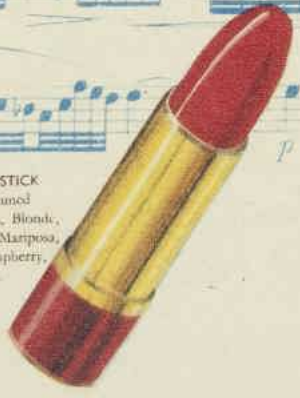
## . . . that lingers like a melody with

# Michel

## COSMETICS

*'Stay on Longer'*

MICHEL LIPSTICK
in 9 fashion-attuned colours: Amapola, Blonde, Cherry, Cyclamen, Mariposa, Pink Spice, Raspberry, Scarlet, Vivid.






MICHEL HAND LOTION
fragrant, pearl-textured, keeps your hands soft and kissable.

Create your own symphony of tender beauty with the magic of Michel Cosmetics. First, sound a warm note of rich colour with Michel Lipstick. Then complete the harmony with exquisite Michel Cosmetics. At once you'll be so much lovelier, more glamorous . . . not for just an hour or a day . . . but *always*. Michel's exclusive perfume, faint yet fascinating, will linger too . . . softly singing your praises wherever you go. Be lovelier with Michel . . . to-morrow!



MICHEL ROUGE goes further 'Stays on longer'. In Cyclamen, Pink Spice, Raspberry.



MICHEL MASCARA
enhances the beauty and brilliance of your eyes. In colours of Black or Brown.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389535

**All "Grafton" fabrics are guaranteed fadeless.**

**"Grafton" Cretonne is guaranteed washable as well.**

# Grafton

English designers are excelling themselves in this Festival year! "Grafton" cretonnes have never been lovelier. Also among the collection you'll find sparkling linens, soap and water loving glazed chintzes. They dry rapidly and are easy to iron, so they can be back on your furniture or windows on the same day! And wait until you see the rich new "Grafton" brocades.



"Grafton" cretonne in the sun-room. One of a series showing how "Grafton" furnishings bring new vital colour to your home. Match sunny cretonne long-curtains to a long cretonne-covered divan!

**The "Grafton" furnishing range**

Linens, 31" and 48"

Cretonnes, 48"

Rayon and Cotton Brocade, 48"

Permanent Glaze Chintz, 31" and 48"



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389536

# SYMPATHY and POWER!

## IN TABLET FORM —






## THE GREAT SOOTHER

### that does so much and costs so little . . . .

No one can estimate the worth of 'ASPRO' in terms of money. Its cost is trifling – its service great! The way to judge 'ASPRO' is by the happiness and comfort it brings and by the world-wide esteem in which it is held. Why does 'ASPRO' hold such a high place in public confidence? . . . simply because it is a medicine which **never fails to live up to its claims.**

'ASPRO' has the POWER to relieve a host of ills that come to all from the tiny tot to the oldest. Aches and pains, headaches, feverishness, irritability, nerviness, the discomforts of colds and 'flu – in all these conditions the faithful 'ASPRO' tablets act with effectiveness. It is one medicine with many, many uses – a definite MUST in every household.

## Constant Friend and Comfort to MAN, WOMAN and CHILD!

*Two mothers tell their experiences –*

**FROM N.S.W.:–**

Mrs. N. A. Kindness, of 48 Ramsgate Road, Ramsgate, writes:—Dear Sirs: I am a mother of three children, and must keep my house going through all seasons. At the first sign of a cold or 'flu attack I get in early with 'Aspro,' both for the children and myself. I know it is very safe for children, and it is just amazing how quickly our colds seem to clear up. I would not be without 'Aspro,' and every mother should keep it in the home.

**FROM SOUTH AUST.:–**

Mrs. Lucy Wood, of 14 Ross Street, Flinders Park, writes:—

At the sign of any pain, such as headaches, neuralgia, sleeplessness or any nerve pains, both myself and all my family immediately take 'Aspro.'

I have tried all other pain relievers, and find 'Aspro' is the best of all.

I can thoroughly recommend 'Aspro' to any sufferers of the ailments I mentioned. You may use this as you desire.

**'ASPRO' FOR CHILDREN:**

Children suffer from so many feverish complaints that 'Aspro,' which reduces temperature, is especially valuable to them. 'Aspro' quickly soothes away toothache, earache, and other pains and is safe! Doses for children shown on every packet.

*2 'ASPRO' tablets with your cup of tea for HEADACHE and NERVINESS*



*Swift, Certain SAFE for-*

Colds and 'Flu
Headache
Rheumatism
Nerve Pains
Sore Throat
Irritability
Periodic Pains
"Mornings After"
Sciatica
Toothache
Sleeplessness
Neuritis
Lumbago




**4d • 1/6 • 4/9**

# 'ASPRO'

Does not harm HEART or STOMACH

*Nicholas Product*

A3/50



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389537

# Views of Sorrento

By ROSE MARIE HODGSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

GEORGE AVERY wore preposterous clothes, but he certainly could paint. Mrs. Morrow looked at him wistfully as he stood in front of her canvas, unable to conceal his bored irritation.

His horny thumb poked at her picture. His flecked, light brown eyes roved across it once and dismissed it. He lowered himself, a crabby bundle of red beard, brown tweeds, and spiked boots, into the hammock slung between the apple trees. A shower of pink petals sprayed him as he lit a cheroot.

"It's no good, Caroline," he said. "You'll have to stick to commercial stuff. You're too finicky. I don't know what's become of your vision. Domesticity's watered it down, I suppose. It frightens me. That picture of yours! Apple blossom!"

He beat a tumble of pink petals from him as though it were a swarm of angry bees.

"Your apple blossom's too darned like apple blossom. Photographic. I'm sorry, my dear. It's no good my telling you otherwise. How's Pippa?"

"Pippa's fine. I had a letter from her this morning. I'll get it."

Caroline tried to smother her disappointment as she opened the drawer of her writing-table and took out the letter. A tear fell willy-nilly on to the row of kisses. She rubbed the back of her hand across her eyes. It was no good. The past was not to be recaptured.

Those days at the Slade when George, even then preposterously clad but not so plump or bushy-browed, had called her Proserpine because he liked to think of her in a green dress with great bunches of narcissi in her arms. In those days, they said, she showed great promise.

And it was the promise, she knew, which excited George every bit as much as Proserpine. He saw her canvases differently then, and found them full of bright light and poetic imagination.

She looked at Barney's photograph, staring at her like a sombre stranger from its silver frame. (Pippa had just those solemn inkpot eyes of mystery.) Her painting had continued at the promising stage till she married Barney, but it had never developed.

After Barney's death, which occurred a fortnight after their marriage and exactly one month after they first met and fell so rapturously and briefly in love, it had lost even its promise and turned into what George called "watered-down precision."

At the very moment when she had received Barney's posthumous V.C., and she had suddenly realised that she was the bread-winner, responsible for Pippa as well as herself, anxiety and despair had stifled her vision, leaving her with a plodding desire to succeed and nothing more.

George was right. She would have to go back to bread-and-butter fashions for provincial papers. Apple blossom would never put her in the exhibition class or regain George's esteem.

Maybe I was too cruel, George worried, as he watched her coming back slowly, with tell-tale diamonds beading her dark lashes and the letter outstretched in her hand.

Caroline smiled a ghost of a smile. "Read it," she said.

George swung himself forward and took the letter. "Spelling's not our Pippa's long suit," he laughed. "Still, the *little* beggar's only ten, isn't she?"

He swung to and fro as he read.

*We went to the Blue Grotto that a man called King Tibeerius had. We went in a little boat and rode in on the top of a big curly waive. And it was all blue like a real fairy grotto inside and you could see through right to the fishes at the botom. And the sailorman put a torch on and everything in the water went silver, all the fishes and shells and my fingers, too, and I dropped my lucky sixpence right to the botom and there it is now with the silver fishes.*

To and fro George swung again. The motion began to fray Caroline's nerves.

*Please turn to page 8*

*"It's no good," George said, while Caroline tried hard to hide her disappointment.*





National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389538




Mrs. Fas den Boergeard
29 Ormus Road
Yeronga, QLD.

Best for everything

RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS

for WHITES, COLOUREDS, DISHES




Mrs. E. Miller
229 Burke Road
Gardiner, VIC.

Mrs. G. Sydenham
23 Station Street
Arncliffe, N.S.W.

BUY TWO PACKETS
One for the laundry,
one for the kitchen.

Z.315.WW142g


# Views Of Sorrento

GEORGE finished the letter. "Well," he said, "Pippa's got vision all right, hasn't she? If only she could paint what she describes we should have something worth framing. But I expect it will all run out of her toes and fingers when she grows up and acquires pots and pans."

He smiled. "Not meaning anything personal, of course, Caroline. If you stick to those fashion plates you'll find money in it. Real money that pays rents and school bills."

He was determined that there should be no more heartbreak over apple blossom, even if Caroline told him she never wanted to see him again. Though hang would go all the peace and comfort and sense of security in his life.

"Pippa's happy, anyway." He changed the subject. "Is she rubbing along all right with Lou and Ben?"

"She adores Benito. She says Uncle Ben is rather like Uncle George, only he always laughs and never gets cross and his clothes are dandy and not all over paint."

She smiled and touched a smear of cadmium yellow that blobbed George's elbow like a kingcup in a water meadow.

"Benito adores children. It's a shame they haven't any. Lou, I imagine, is a bit fussy at times, through not knowing quite how a ten-year-old mind works," Caroline said with a laugh.

"But she's taking Pippa around and expanding her education. I'm glad to think of Pippa seeing all those places. I loved Sorrento so much before the war—you know—when I went out for Lou's wedding. I did quite a lot of sketches."

"I never saw them, those sketches," George accused her, almost jealously. He thought he'd seen all Caroline's work. "Where are they?"

"At the bottom of the Arctic Ocean." She laughed. "Barney took them on his convoy trips. He said he loved them."

"Oh, well," he grumbled, "I expect they were incipient apple blossoms. I must be off, or I'll miss my train. I'll be back one Sunday before long, if I may. Now be a good girl and get back to those fashion drawings. I've got a chap I want to show 'em to. Do me a nice bagful."

Real money that pays rents and school bills; that was what she needed, Caroline mused, as she sat by the fire after supper. The apple blossom picture had been one last fling, and she had known as she painted it that it was no good.

Pippa's letters made her wonder, for in them she saw Southern Italy again as she had seen it when she went there for her sister's marriage. Again she had an unquenchable longing to paint something that was her own spirit speaking.

She went to her desk and sorted out a bunch of Pippa's letters and took them to read by the fire. For Pippa, as George said, had vision, and some of it must surely be her own.

*The oringes,* she read on the back of a picture postcard, *are like great big lanterns and there are flowers on the oringe trees all at the same time and the Smell is everywhere.*

Yes, that was something she knew. She could see the moonlit garden, heavy with orange perfume, orange fruit, and starry blossom.

And here were Pippa's views on Paestum, where Caroline had painted in a transport of nervous delirium, drawing her dream before the sun fell behind the mountains.

*This is a picher of a temple by the seaside and it is all pilars and the pilars are made of gold and the flowers are red colour like the tassels in our church and the sea is sort of purpel with sand all made of shells and there are some pointy trees called cipresses and a baby donkey going hee haw by the temple front door.*

Caroline could see all sorts of other things as well in her memory's glass. Oleander bushes. A herd of goats. Broken pillars.

She would, given time, have suggested most of these in her picture. But she had not been given time, and the sketch, she realised, had been all the better for that. She picked up another letter and felt a strange excitement.

*We went to Pompey mummy,* she read, *and it is all empty because the mountain boiled over and poured out treacle and all the people are dead because the treacle poured over them. You can see them lying and a pore little dog too so I didn't like Pompey it is too sad and you can feel how empty.*

*But I liked one place becos it wasent sad. It was a garden with pavment like Uncle George's back yard and a little nome doing a dance. He was a fawn.*

*I wispered in his ear wasnt he sad becos it was so empty and he said No Pippa I am not lonly at all because at night They all come back to the gardin and dance and I tootle my flute and skip like this and he showed me and where he hid his flute but I dident tell Auntie Lou becos she says I tell lies.*

But much as Caroline loved Pippa's descriptive outbursts, she picked still more on any crumbs of personal information. Her favorite letter ran:

*Continued from page 7*

*I have a little friend called Mario and he is all sun brown and only wares nickers no shoes. And he is smiling all the time with propper holes in his ears and earrings like Auntie Lou.*

The firelight flickered on Caroline's face and transformed it. A child like Pippa was worth fighting for.

. . . . . .

For weeks Caroline painted all day long while the light lasted, stopping only to have a glass of milk and a snack or a cigarette. Two more letters came from Sorrento and Caroline put them with the growing bundle.

She was surprised to see George coming up the garden path, for she had forgotten the day of the week. She ran out to meet him as the church bells rang for matins. She was wearing a green gingham overall.

"Proserpine!" he cried, flinging his arms wide and running tubbily to meet her. "My dear girl, how young you look! Ten years have rolled away, ten summers with the length of ten long winters! It's your green smock. I always did like you in green."

George was gay, masterful, delighted with George.

FOUR out of six pictures of his had been accepted for the Academy, and he was sure of selling them. He thought perhaps he might follow up with a Bond Street show. Winkleman of Tolson's was pressing him. Then, kindly, wiping the slate clean of George, he wrote Caroline upon it.

"How've you been getting on, Proserpine?"

She sneezed with delight, having snuffed up pollen from a wallflower to hide her joy at his use of the old name.

"Got some nice slick poppsies ready in horrible Cannes camiknickers? And debs in disgusting short evening frocks? And the bride's mother with a hat full of still life? Because I want to bring Hobson down in a week or two. You must let an ageing R.A. enjoy the privilege of pulling a few strings."

"I've been working," she said, "like Stephenson's Rocket. The results are festooned round the play-room. They'll probably make you feel murderous. There isn't a single sunsuit or housecoat among them. I'm staying here for a cigarette. You can tell me the worst when you've had a look round."

He screwed his bushy brows into a knot, and stamped off. All that trouble he'd taken, dining Hobson with a couple of R.A.s and selling him the line about catching highbrow artists young for the glossies, and there Caroline had been mugging at apple blossoms again.

"Never mind, Mummy, Uncle George doesn't know everything. I like your pictures!" Pippa had told her once, when the air hung heavy with George's disapproval.

Caroline laughed, remembering. "What makes you like them, darling?" she had asked.

"Well," Pippa had said, screwing up her nose thoughtfully, "well, you see, Mummy, for one thing the colors are all right. Uncle George makes his colors like you planning a frock or how to decorate the bathroom. Not the way they really are. When he did me he made my legs like Daddy Long-legs. And I had one proper eye and one all shut up."

She had stopped to fling a daisy chain round Caroline's neck. "Uncle George can't draw at all," she had summed up. "It's like what the baby class do at school. All out of 'spective."

Was George being so long because he was just a little pleased with her work and was examining it carefully, or was it because he couldn't bring himself to tell her there was not a single slice of bread and butter in the whole lot?

She opened her writing-case and spilt picture postcards and pink writing-paper, scrawled over by Pippa, on the daisy-starred grass. She picked out a few for George to look at later.

One had a blurred snapshot pinned to it:

*This is a foto Auntie Lou took of the house next door. She says it is a country club. But that is rubish becos it is a Pink Palace of a Princess. Uncle Ben says so.*

*This bewtiful princess hasent got much money like us and she has lost her perls and emeralds so she has gone away to look for them. So I can see people come in motocars to dance in her ballroom spechially Sundays.*

*But when somday her Prince will come he will send them all paking and the Princess will be happy ever after. Perhaps he will turn them into mice I hope so. There is purpel flowers hanging all over this pink palace and the shutters go flap flap. Isnt it pretty Mummy?*

George was being altogether too long. Caroline could not bear the suspense. She would pick out two more letters and then go to the play-room.

*Please turn to page 38*

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS






National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389539

# Round the Rugged Rocks

By DAVID NIVEN

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

*LIFE at the end of the war looms as just a gay adventure to devil-may-care JOHN HAMILTON, and he shares various entertaining escapades with OGLETHORPE, an old Army friend.*

*These finally bring John to New York, where he falls in love with beautiful model ANN WINDSOR, while Oglethorpe goes to Bermuda to grow orchids.*

*Falling in with showman MILTON MYERS, John agrees to join him in a fantastic indoor pony-racing project, and after hectic preparations they open their show at Ocean City.*

*It proves amazingly successful, but John has been warned to expect trouble from gangster LEFTY ORBACH, and while he is interviewing a New York reporter one morning six men file into his office. Their leader introduces himself as Lefty Orbach. NOW READ ON:*



*"I love you," John whispered, unaware that Annie Argus stood close behind them, watching intently.*

STILL smiling, Lefty Orbach continued, "I was in the house last night. That's a great show you have, Mr. Hamilton, a great show. One of the best I ever saw in Ocean City."

"Thank you," said John, in a relieved voice.

"Don't mention it," said Lefty Orbach genially. "It's such a great show that I'm going to be especially generous—I'm going to let it run here for the rest of the week. After all, we don't want to disappoint the public, do we?"

John did not feel any too sure of his ground. He did not answer.

Lefty Orbach took a pull at his cigar and continued: "So, Mr. Hamilton, I have a very fair and equitable proposition to put before you. If I allow the show to continue, then I should become a partner, shouldn't I? So I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take forty per cent. of the gate money and I shall want to know the result of four out of the six races every night before they start. Got it?"

John thought for a long time, then speaking in clipped, precise accents that contrasted sharply with his words, he made an extremely vulgar suggestion as to what Mr. Orbach might do with his proposition.

There was a dreadful silence in the room. Mr. Henshaw, the reporter, stiffened. Two of the henchmen took a step towards John. Lefty Orbach waved them back: then he burst into a guffaw of laughter. "Gee, that's a great gag . . . Ha, ha, ha." He laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks. "Isn't that a great gag, fellers?" He turned to the grim men round the room.

"Sure is, Left," they chorused, and joined rather half-heartedly in the mirth of their chief. The room was full of laughter. John joined in.

As soon as he did so, Orbach's face closed like a steel trap. The others stopped, too. John laughed on alone.

Orbach watched him through eyes that had become slits. He stood up. "Can it," he snapped.

John cut his laugh down to a smile.

"Forty per cent. of the gate money, and four out of six results before the start," said Orbach, punctuating his words by banging a pudgy fist on the desk. "Have you got that straight? And take a little advice from me, stranger: don't try any funny business in this town. Tell that fellow Myers to contact me—he knows how to do it."

He jerked his head towards the door. The henchmen filed out behind their leader.

John felt suddenly weak at the knees. Mr. Henshaw, who so far had not spoken, looked at his watch. "Good-bye," he said, "I must be going now. It's been a most interesting morning — most interesting." He shook hands and left, his face shining.

A few minutes later Milton Myers burst into the office. He was in high good humor. "Great news, Johnny Boy. The man from the Boston Garden was in front last night and he definitely wants the show . . . maybe they will even give us a four-week guarantee. He also . . ."

John cut him short. "He was not the only person who was in front last night. Lefty Orbach was there, too. He's just been in here . . . only left a couple of minutes ago. You must have just missed him."

Milton Myers sat down heavily, then took a cigar from the box and lit it. "How much does he want?"

"Forty per cent. of the 'gate' and the result of four out of six races every night before they start."

Milton Myers emitted a long, low whistle. He said softly, "I thought it was too good to be true that we hadn't heard from him before. What did you tell him?"

John related exactly what he had said to Mr. Orbach. Milton Myers sat bolt upright. "Johnny Boy, are you crazy? You tired of life or something?"

John felt himself becoming angry. "I'm just not going to stand for a racket like that. Are you?"

Milton Myers sighed. "Johnny Boy, I hope you will understand what I am going to tell you, because I like you. You're a swell guy, in fact, I don't know when I've met a guy I've liked more. You see, this sort of game is my racket. It isn't really yours. Yes, I'll make a deal with Orbach because I can do it without letting it get me."

John was about to interrupt, but Milton Myers stopped him with a gesture. "I must play their game: they know that. If I blow my top now, the show will fold." Myers caught John's incredulous expression. "Oh, yes, Orbach can close us. He's done that before now, and if the show folds we wouldn't be able to hold on till we got to Boston. But if we play here the full six days even with only half the take, we've still done pretty good."

His voice was almost pleading. "Believe me, Johnny Boy, you can't sell a show that's folded, no matter what the real reason was. Lefty waited till the psychological moment to pull this—his timing was always good."

John knew Milton Myers was talking sense. He was deeply fond of this strange eccentric character, but he knew he could never look himself in the eye again if he knuckled under to the sort of treatment dispensed by Lefty Orbach.

"Yes, Milton, I do understand perfectly. But will you understand if I say I don't want to be in it?"

Milton Myers put his hand on John's shoulder. "Look, kid, if it hadn't been for you I could never have got this show started. Most of the money came from people you brought along. I'd hate to see you go, but if you want to quit I think the company should pay you a thousand dollars for your work."

John said, "I haven't earned anything like that."

Milton Myers ignored this. He went over and unlocked the safe and counted out a thousand dollars from the takings of the day before. "There you are, Johnny Boy. Now you have a thousand bucks, as well as a clear conscience. If I wasn't forty-one and completely unscrupulous, I believe I'd envy you!"

They both laughed.

"Oh, by the way," John said, "Orbach wants you to call him."

Milton Myers nodded grimly, "Okay, I'll get round to it later."

They shook hands. Miss Fitch, who had been listening at the keyhole, burst into tears.

Once outside the building, John spent the first hundred and twenty dollars of his newly acquired wealth. He ordered a big box of chocolates to be sent to Miss Fitch, a huge box of cigars to Milton Myers, and a case of whisky to the pony riders of the troupe: then, armed with two dozen red roses, he headed for the small hotel on the sea front where Ann was finishing a late breakfast.

He took her down to the beach. Ann was bubbling with enthusiasm over the success of Indoor Horse Racing Association, Inc.

"Oh, Johnny, it is wonderful! I never thought it could be such a success, did you? I suppose there is no end to it now. The show will just go from city to city."

John's heart contracted. "Darling, I'm afraid I don't belong to the show any more. I . . ." he hesitated and smiled ruefully. "I'm looking for a job again."

Her eyes clouded with disappointment. "Tell me what happened," she asked quietly.

When he finished his story, her eyes were shining again. "Oh, Johnny," she breathed, "I am so glad! So glad!" She held his hand tight. "Of course Milton was right. You were never cut out to be a circus man, darling, and, of course, you couldn't be mixed up with people like this dreadful gangster. I think it's wonderful."

John took both her hands in his. "Ann . . . darling . . ." He looked deep into her eyes. "I was wondering . . ."

There was a loud shout behind them. "Johnny, we've been looking for you all over town."

*Please turn to page 40*

PART FOUR OF A SIX-PART SERIAL



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389540



# Beautiful Dreamer

For your most treasured underthings . . . for those cobwebby nightdresses and filmy negligees that every woman dreams about . . . what could be lovelier than one of the new FERGUSON'S lingerie fabrics that have just arrived in Australia? Once hard to get but now coming back in increasing quantities these glorious, gossamer-like voiles and rayons . . . in dainty pastels and patterns . . . are again available at most leading stores. Ask to see them TODAY!

*Illustrated is Carlista, one of FERGUSON'S loveliest lingerie fabrics. Ask also for Julieryl and Louisette lingerie rayons. All FERGUSON quality.*
*ALL FULLY GUARANTEED.*

## • FERGUSON FABRICS •

FERGUSON BROTHERS LTD., *Carlisle, England. Manufacturers of Textiles Since 1834*

F60-1533



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389541



# Be it ever so humble

By JAMES McGREW

ILLUSTRATED BY TOMPSON

THE elderly gentleman with the white hair and white moustache cleared his throat and rattled his newspaper. He wished the young married couple sitting across from him would stop their arguing. They'd been at it ever since the train had pulled out of Grand Central.

He readjusted his pince nez glasses that were fixed to his lapel with a black ribbon and cleared his throat again. The heavy dark man beside him stirred in his sleep and grunted beneath the hat that covered his face. The young couple paused in their bickering and glanced at the sleeping man.

The white-haired gentleman looked up and smiled at them in apology for his companion and lowered his eyes to the financial page once more.

After a few minutes of silence the girl whispered, "Bob."

"What?" growled the young man.

She tried to take his arm. "Please try to understand."

He jerked his arm free. "Give up, will you?"

"Bob, please. Let me give you a very good reason," she said, trying to take his arm again.

He removed her arm from his. "That won't work this time," he said through tight lips. "This is it!"

The girl studied his face for a moment. She set her lips as firmly as his. "Very well," she said coldly.

The young man raised his eyes in an appeal. "Oh, gosh!" he murmured. "Will she never give up?"

The girl turned as much of her back as was possible to him and seemed to become interested in the fields and farmhouses that raced by the window. They rode in tense silence for several minutes.

Just as the white-haired gentleman thought peace had come for him the girl turned slowly back to her husband. "What do you mean by 'this is it'?" she demanded in a cold voice.

"Just what I said. Either we keep the apartment or you lose a husband. I refuse to be an outer suburban traveller dashing for the 8.15 every morning."

"In other words," she said evenly, "if you can't have your own way we break up. Fair enough, if I can't have my own way we break up. You make the choice."

The elderly gentleman raised his eyes in much the same way as the young man had done a little earlier. "Oh, my!" he thought, "will they never give up?"

The young man bounced around in his seat. He took his wife by the shoulders.

"Listen," he said, speaking very precisely, "I've lived in apartments all my life. I like apartments. I like the conveniences and central locations that can only be found by living in apartments. I don't want a house of my own. I hate fixing things that always seem to be in need of fixing in houses. I won't mow lawns. And, above all, I won't move out of the city."

He shook her slightly. "Do you understand?"

She nodded coldly. "I understand," she said, "and I hope you understand me. I want a home of my own, and if I can't have it with you I'll have it without you."

She shook his hands loose and turned her back again.

The young man growled something under his breath and threw one leg over the other. As he did so his toe came in contact with the elderly gentleman's knee.

For the first time he became aware of his presence. A professor, he thought.

"I beg your pardon. I'm terribly sorry, sir," he apologised in confusion.

"That's all right, young man," said the other kindly as he brushed the smudge from his trousers. "But I think you really owe more of an apology to your very lovely wife."

"What do you mean?" asked the young man.

The elderly gentleman massaged his knee. "If you hadn't been trying to hurt her deliberately you wouldn't have hurt me accidentally."

The young man's face hardened again. "You were listening to our conversation," he accused.

"Well, well, now. You surely don't mean to say that I could help it, do you? You must have realised that anyone in the compartment could not help overhearing your—ah—conversation," the elderly gentleman said.

"Oh! I see. I'm sorry if our—ah—conversation worried you. But you see my wife's wrong, and she won't listen to reason," said the young man, glancing at her out of the corner of his eye to get her reaction.

The elderly gentleman removed his glasses and began swinging them on their black ribbon.

"I heard her offer reason," he said. "Reason which you rejected with the most obvious sophistry to which it has ever been my misfortune to listen."

The girl turned and gave him a grateful smile. "You know I'm right, don't you?"

"Of course, my dear."

The young man threw up his hands in a that-proves-it gesture. "Another one. Be it ever so humble there's no place like home." He glared at the white-haired gentleman. "Don't try to sell me on the idea. I know better."

"If you'll forgive me, I don't think you do," the elderly gentleman protested mildly. "Let me tell you something, young man. In my life I've been more places and seen more things than you ever will and I know the feeling of a place to come back to, somewhere that is home.

"Take myself, for example. I have a place up here on the Hudson. To you it might be less than nothing, but to me it's home. No matter how often I go away I always come back. There have been many times when I've been surrounded by all the luxuries money can buy, and I assure you I've always had enough of that, but with it all my mind has been home with my friends.

"This feeling would become so strong that I would find it affecting my work, and before I knew it I would be on my way back under an influence too strong to resist.

"I'm an old man now. I'm going home to stay. I'm in such a position that I must have a constant companion."

He nodded his head to the heavy dark man asleep beside him. "But I don't mind. I'm going home. Do you understand?"

The girl looked into his kindly blue eyes and smiled sympathetically.

"I'm sorry, sir, I didn't mean any offence," said the young man after a pause. "Let me put it this way. I know what you and my wife mean and it's fine for you, but I'm just not built that way."

"Wrong again, my young friend. Man is by instinct a home-builder. That's really all most men want out of life. A home that belongs to him. The sound of happy children laughing, the wall that can almost talk with intimate things that belong only to the family and the home."

The elderly gentleman shook his white head. "I don't believe you want your son to grow up on city streets. Underneath you know he should have a place to play ball, woods to explore, and hills with something mysterious on the other side. In other words, surely you would like to see him grow up with all the normal, happy accompaniments to his childhood—something he could never hope to have in a crowded city, living in a small apartment."

The young man grinned triumphantly. "But I haven't got a son. We have no children."

The elderly gentleman turned to the girl, "But he will soon, won't he, my dear?"

The girl stared at him in amazement. "But how did you . . .?"

"I saw your eyes when you first sat down. When creation is at work in a woman it shows in her eyes. It was very obvious."

The young man opened his mouth to say something, but nothing came out. He closed it with a snap. He was bewildered. She took his hands, and, leaning forward, put her cheek against his. "Is it true, dear?" he asked.

She nodded, rubbing her cheek on his. He put his arms around her.

"I'm sorry, dear. I didn't know. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I wanted you to see the place I'd picked out. It has a room that can be used as a nursery. I wanted to tell you there."

The train began to slow down to a stop. She pushed him away gently. She smiled up at him and said, "We get off here. That is, if you'd like to look at it."

The young man got to his feet. "Suddenly I do," he said.

The elderly gentleman watched them through the window as they crossed the platform. The train started again, and he fitted his glasses back on his nose and picked up his paper.

The conductor entered the car, calling: "Ossining next. Next stop Ossining."

The heavy man grunted and pushed the hat back from his face. He yawned and stretched. As he raised his hands over his head the white-haired gentleman's right hand went up involuntarily. The dark man rubbed his wrist where the handcuff irritated him.

"Well, here we are, Romney," he said. "Do you realise you're the three-hundredth crook I've delivered to Sing Sing? How's it feel?"

The elderly gentleman smiled and put his paper down. "I've spent so many years here it's like coming home."

"That word has got you into a lot of trouble. Selling people homes that didn't belong to you is the reason you're here."

The elderly gentleman smiled. "Be it ever so humble, even if it belongs to someone else, there's no place like home," he said sentimentally.

(Copyright)



*The girl smiled gratefully at the elderly gentleman. "You know I'm right, don't you?" she said.*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389542



# Love thy Neighbor

*I'll go mad if she doesn't stop, thought Dawn, as Peg chattered on and on.*

DAWN went down on all fours again in the middle of the living-room floor, picked up the plastic T-square and hunched her aching young shoulders over the strip of wallpaper which ribboned from the roll.

Peg has spoiled my afternoon just once too often, Dawn thought grimly. I got up at six-thirty and promised myself that to-day I would accomplish two special and constructive things—two progressive things. I said that nothing would prevent me from getting this paper matched and cut so that Bob and I could start on it to-night.

And I promised myself faithfully to make time to wash and set my hair because it looks dreadful and I don't want to look dreadful and unkempt in the eyes of my husband and my son . . .

Speaking of her son, Dawn's thoughts ran on, he had been a big help that afternoon, too. While Peg sat chatting away, Teddy and Rocky had raced around the room like a couple of monsters instead of a little boy and a big puppy. The mangled strip of wallpaper was an absolute crime, but she supposed she could salvage most of it for piecing above the dish cabinets.

"If your pattern matches at the top where the wall meets the ceiling you have established the beachhead and the rest of the operation of wallpapering a kitchen will be simple." Unquote Peg Caldwell, who, after disrupting her neighbor's whole afternoon again, about now would be arriving home up the dusky road.

It must be nice, Dawn simmered silently, to go into a house that has wallpaper on every wall, paint on every cupboard, shelves up in the cupboards, and the driveway filled in and gravelled. But the Banks' house would never reach that state of perfection unless Peg would stay home some mornings and afternoons and Peg and Colin both would stay home some evenings or go somewhere else to enjoy watching television . . .

"Teddy Banks," Dawn said out loud at the clamor approaching from the kitchen. She straightened to her knees and closed her eyes. The thick black lashes trembled with strain because this interruption was the last straw.

"I told you to keep that pup out of here, please! You and Rocky did enough damage when I was talking to Peg——"

"Rocky's not inside; I am."

Dawn turned her head, and her dark blue eyes opened on her five-year-old son. They softened a little because he was such a perfect miniature of Bob.

"You're driving me out of my mind. I put you out one door and you come right back in the other. And you argue, Teddy. Daddy and I have to work on the kitchen to-night, and it would help if I could have cut and trimmed just a few of these strips. Now we have to leave in twenty minutes to meet his train, and just look at both of us."

Dawn set her lips together because she sounded harping, the way she never wanted to sound to Teddy or Bob.

"It's cold outside." Teddy was ignoring her remark, giving it the hopscotch treatment he and Rocky had given the apple-bedecked wallpaper earlier. "You don't listen any more. I said Rocky's shivering, and he's doing something else, too."

"What?" She stared into the round eyes above the jumper and realised that already, after only three months, it was too small for Teddy. How could they keep him in clothes and pay their bills, too? Peg and Colin didn't have the expense of dressing three, either.

"Teddy, tell me what Rocky's doing," she demanded. "You want to land everything with such dramatic impact——"

"He's eating the garbage. He tipped the tin over."

Dawn scrambled towards the kitchen door. "If he's eaten those chicken bones — you know very well Daddy's told us never to—he says they splinter and we can't afford another bill from the vet. A thoroughbred Irish setter pup only costs ——"

The sentence hung there unfinished. The icy wind was biting into her face and Teddy was following and failing to shut the door as usual.

"Rocky, get out of that mess," she told the wildly happy puppy. Her eyes searched the littered ground for fragments of chicken bones.

"Thank goodness, he prefers tired old toast and coffee grounds, Teddy. Take him into the kitchen and shut him up and I'll clean this up. Then we have to pick up Daddy. Wash your face and get my coat for me, and see if the car keys just might happen to be in the pocket. Please," she added, and after the door banged she thought it would have been nice if she could have mustered a smile to go with it.

"No keys," Teddy informed her cryptically a few minutes later from the middle of the kitchen.

"I'll find them. That's not my coat; it's Dad's. But you were a good boy to shut Rocky up for me," she amended encouragingly. "You do try to help me lots of times."

"Can Rocky go?"

"Not this time. Let's not go through that routine again. Here are the keys—right in my purse for a change."

She shot one critical glance at herself in the mirror which hung temporarily on the unfinished wall. She needed a haircut and a decent night's sleep, but if they weren't tiling the bathroom or painting ceilings and woodwork and window frames these days, the Caldwells or television would be keeping them up too late.

What good was it to be young and basically pretty, with long-lashed eyes, small straight features, and a trim figure, when your hair and your exhaustion made you look like a sad French poodle? And her skirt and jacket were going to seed so fast. Still, she reminded herself with swift repentance, she really didn't mind giving up clothes for their house . . .

The car started. The tautness within Dawn relaxed a little because this 1941 job that Bob called "Gertie," or "Dirty Gertie," when it balked, was behaving itself for a change.

"Uphill, downhill, and around a big curve," Teddy sang in a happy monotone from the far side of the front seat. Bob always said that to him driving away from the house and in the reverse order coming back.

Bob loved this outer suburb. Long ago he had reached the point where he actually detested the city and the congested three-room apartment they had had to live in for five years. But until the promotion to advertis-



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389543

# *There was so much to be done in the new home, but Peg's constant visits left Dawn no time to do it.*

## *By Marta Robinet*

ILLUSTRATED BY DALGLEISH




ing executive had come, buying property in the country and building on it hadn't been more than a gleam in their eyes. And they hardly waited until the roof was on the house before they moved in.

We've been in our house since March, Dawn counted silently — eight months.

As she approached the station she spotted Bob, and her spirits soared up another notch. Surely no other breadwinner on the face of the earth could look quite as charming and merry under such a ridiculous, pushed-up hat brim. He'll still be young and straight and wonderful fifty years from now, Dawn thought. And I'll still love him.

"Hello, there!" Bob called in greeting. She was late again; he had been waiting again; and he was smiling at them as always.

"Hello," she said, grinning back at him through the window. Then she saw Colin Caldwell's big shoulders looming up behind Bob and her smile faltered. He must have telephoned Peg from the office that he'd arranged to catch the 5.19 with Bob so he'd get a ride home. On top of having her whole afternoon ruined, now she was being used for a chauffeur. Dawn's resentment bubbled to the surface again.

"Slide over, wench." Bob's wide grin was coming in the door on the driver's side. "How are my two sweets doing?" Dawn tried to smile at Colin as he climbed into the back, but the smile felt stiff on her face as she turned her cheek to receive Bob's kiss.

Bob and Colin started discussing television. "As I said last night, Bob, you have a dandy little set. I've been looking over the market since you got yours, and when I can afford it that's the model I want."

I hope you get it soon, Dawn thought grimly. Very soon. So you'll stay home more often and we can finish our house.

"That set was a real break," Bob was going on to Colin. "Not only having it given to us gratis by one of my pleased customers, but we do get wonderful reception, and Teddy gets an awful wallop out of it. I sink down into a chair in front of that screen and it's relaxation."

"It certainly is." The words fell sarcastically between herself and Bob. And she hadn't meant them. This angry feeling of frustration wasn't Bob's fault. She should be glad that he and Teddy got such a kick out of the programmes. Her only real argument with television ownership was that it drew Peg and Colin to their house like a magnet.

Bob's quick smile told her he wasn't going to take issue and she was relieved when Teddy asked from behind his shoulder, "Are we going to get back in time for the beginning of the puppet show?"

"Just about. Around a big curve and downhill and uphill and we're there. This is really a bitter night to be out in, isn't it? The mercury must be pretty low."

Dawn sat very still listening to Colin talk about how eager he was for spring and warm weather and no more fuel bills. Something vaguely intuitive inside her sensed Bob's next words—something she didn't want him to say, that he was going to say, was saying.

"Don't you think this is a good night for a drink? Stop in, Colin. We'll pick up Peg."

"Good idea," Dawn said. The words sounded thin and strained and void of all warmth and spontaneity. Bob knew they couldn't afford to serve drinks again, and Colin had gone through the last of the beer on Friday when he'd run over to borrow some sugar and stayed through the news review.

Only last night Bob had said she'd better hide the dregs of their bar supply so they could eke out a drink or two for the Cummings' when he brought them out next Wednesday.

"We're hanging out there too much." The protest from behind Dawn's set shoulder wasn't going to stand up. "But I'm weak," Colin said in his droll way. "We pass this way but once. Peg never puts the dinner on until she sees the whites of my eyes. I married myself a woman."

"I trained mine to specifications." Bob grinned down at Dawn. When he didn't find her smile, his hand came off the wheel and touched her red mitten. "What time did you finish wallpapering our cosy kitchen, Mrs. B. for Banks?"

"Very funny." Her voice had a cutting edge and she wanted to cry because this was unfair to Bob's wonderful disposition, because she was taking out on him her resentment against others.

"The strips didn't even get cut. It's all spread out on the floor in the living-room." Teddy imparted the information that wasn't forthcoming from his mother.

"You mean we're not ready to convert our barren walls into a lush apple orchard to-night? What's your mother been doing all day?" Bob was mockingly incredulous, teasing her for a laugh.

"Peg came over—" Teddy began.

"What does any woman do all day?" Colin asked, amused. "Talk. If they can't do it in person, they hang on the phone for hours and hours, bless 'em. Don't bother to turn all the way into my drive, Bob. I'll jump out and grab the little woman while you turn around to head for your place."

Dawn didn't care how she sounded. This was Bob's fault. "You didn't have to insist," Bob," she said curtly.

His head came round and for an instant he leaned down and nuzzled his face to hers. "Your nose is cold. Like your feet, princess. What's wrong? Tired? I didn't have to insist?" he queried, as though he were completely insensitive to the heavy, resentful unhappiness pushing down on her chest.

"That's what I said." Swift anger burned her cheeks. If Teddy was going to repeat this later it would have to be repeated. "Look, Bob, I rush from one job to another, I'm surrounded by work, and Peg doesn't care how much she interrupts. And when Colin Caldwell calls you about what train you're taking out, the least you could do is suggest that Peg drive in and pick you up for a change. All she has to do from morning to night is amuse herself in my kitchen at my expense, and for a crowning blow you insist—"

"I didn't think you'd mind. They've driven me in the mornings, Dawn. And he did say Peg could meet us if their battery wasn't dead or they could dig up the cash to buy a new one."

Dawn knew this was a harangue, but she was going to finish it. "You tell me to cut down on the budget. We can't afford to splurge liquor around on neighbors—you tell me that and I agree—and then you go convivial."

*Please turn to page 32*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389544

Few are born beautiful...

All can achieve beauty




with the

Elizabeth Arden

Basic Ritual

Follow the beauty ritual that is the secret of women who have become legends . . . because they seem never to age!

FOR NORMAL SKINS: CLEANSE with incomparable Ardena Cleansing Cream, combined with Ardena Skin Tonic . . . the perfected cleansing method.

TONE with softening, brightening Skin Tonic.

NOURISH with soft Velva Cream . . . leaves the skin fine-textured.

FOR MATURE SKINS: CLEANSE with Ardena Cleansing Cream, combined with Ardena Skin Tonic.

TONE with Ardena Special Astringent. Pat firmly.

SMOOTH with Vitamin Cream. Pat well to relieve that tired, tense look.

FOR YOUNG SKINS: CLEANSE with Fluffy Cleansing Cream, created especially for young skins.

TONE with soothing Ardena Skin Tonic.

NOURISH with Velva Cream or pat face with Orange Skin Cream (for thin skins).

FOR PERFECTION IN MAKE-UP . . . Pat-a-Creme . . . Ardena Face Powder . . . Rouge . . . Lipsticks . . . Eye Shado . . . All in Miss Arden's latest fashion harmonies.

Elizabeth Arden

LONDON • NEW YORK • PARIS • SYDNEY




*AS AMNERIS in "Aida," the role in which dramatic contralto Elena Nikolaidi scored one of her greatest successes in the U.S.*



*NEW YORK METROPOLITAN OPERA contralto Elena Nikolaidi romps with her five-year-old son, Miki, on the front lawn of their New Rochelle home. Madame Nikolaidi will tour Australia next year for the Australian Broadcasting Commission.*

# Greek contralto admires A.I.F. men

**The Metropolitan Opera's famed Greek dramatic contralto Elena Nikolaidi made a final decision to tour Australia next year because she had heard that Australian audiences were "the best in the world."**

*From a staff correspondent in New York*

MADAME NIKOLAIDI told me this when I interviewed her in her Riverside Drive apartment in New York.

She is a handsome brunette in her middle 30's.

"First I must tell you," she said, "that, apart from going to Australia because I am an artist and want to make money on a successful tour, I am going because I have heard so much from Eugene Ormandy and others about Australian audiences.

"Menuhin says they are the world's best—quiet, attentive, and critical. They are known to artists the world over for these qualities."

Madame Nikolaidi's second reason for wanting to visit Australia arises from gratitude to the Australian soldiers who fought for Greece in 1941.

"You will perhaps think me sentimental," she said, "but it is an important reason.

"We Greeks have never forgotten that your Sixth Division went to Greece to help our soldiers in 1941.

"We like to think, too, that you Australians have never forgotten us and the struggle—futile though it was—we put up against the Germans and Italians.

"There are very close bonds between our two countries, and both Greeks and Australians must preserve them."

Madame Nikolaidi was not in Greece when it was overrun by the Germans, but, like all Greeks, she is very patriotic and has never forgotten what she calls the "dark days."

She had her own dark days in childhood and in Austria just before and during the war.

Her family were driven out of Smyrna by the Turks in 1922 and settled in a village near Athens. At the age of 12 she went to work to help support her family.

Her remarkable voice, fostered by her choirmaster father, won her a scholarship at the Greek National Conservatory.

Elena Nikolaidi went to Austria in her early 20's on a scholarship to the Vienna State Opera.

"I married my husband, John Mellos, a baritone from the Athens Conservatorium, a month before going to Vienna in 1936," she said.

"All I know I learnt with the Vienna State Opera. It was there that I learnt to sing both opera and lieder. It was there that I made friends with Bruno Walter and Lotte Lehmann.

"When the Germans came things got difficult. There was no heating, too few clothes, not enough food, but miraculously the Germans didn't harm me, although, as enemy aliens, John and I were under hourly threat.

"Despite all her troubles, Vienna's life blood — music — went on.

"Within a year of the war's end, Vienna's conservatorium was again full of promising students, people were arguing in cafes over coffee—made of acorns—about the merits of this artist, the interpretation of that conductor.

"But my greatest thrill was in 1947, when I went back to my dear Athens and sang there before the King and Queen of Greece," she added.

Madame Nikolaidi will give concerts in all Australian States except Tasmania in the winter season—June to August—of 1952.

Since her arrival in the U.S. in 1948, Madame Nikolaidi has had extraordinary success.

She has appeared with Ormandy, Mitropoulos, Toscanini, and Furtwangler. Last January she recorded Verdi's Requiem, with Bruno Walter conducting, in Chicago.

She is currently regarded as the Met.'s most important dramatic contralto.

Madame Nikolaidi's only reservation about her trip to Australia is that her singer-teacher-musician-husband and five-year-old son, Miki, may not be able to accompany her.

"If they cannot, they cannot, but I hope they will," she said.

"I want my boy to see Australia and become acquainted with so brave a people as Australians."

I asked if it was true that Madame had been offered £40,000 for her Australian tour, as reported.

"Ah," she said and smiled. "Money—I find money is complicated. Do not you?"

# Queen Mary's brave example

ALL her life, from 1867 to 1951, Queen Mary's outstanding attributes of dignity, courage, and sympathy in shared suffering have been an example to every woman in the British Commonwealth.

Queen Mary has nobly accepted a full measure of the trials and disappointments of most mothers.

The Queen Mother shared the fears of every mother in World War I when her eldest son, Prince Edward, fought in France, and her second son, Prince Albert, later to become King George VI, served at the Battle of Jutland.

Her daughter, Princess Mary, worked as a V.A.D. during the zeppelin raids on London.

When King George V died in 1936 the saddest year of Queen Mary's life began.

The death of the Duke of Kent in a plane accident during the second World War was another severe blow which Queen Mary took with typical fortitude.

That fortitude has never been more evident than during King George's fight for health.

The book "Queen Mary," which we are offering our readers, vividly presents in story and pictures the pageant of Queen Mary's life as girl, wife, Queen, and mother.

**You can present concession coupon, below, at any of The Australian Women's Weekly offices:—**

**168 Castlereagh Street, SYDNEY.**
**Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, MELBOURNE.**
**81 Elizabeth Street, BRISBANE.**
**24-26 Halifax Street, ADELAIDE.**
**34 Stirling Street, PERTH.**
**Or fill in your coupon, attach a postal note (for 16/- (including 1/6 postage), and post to BOOK DEPT., BOX 2252, G.P.O., SYDNEY.**

**BOOKS—WITH CARE**

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

If undelivered, return to Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney

**THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY BOOK DEPT., BOX 5252, G.P.O., SYDNEY**

*Please forward* .....*copy(ies) of "QUEEN MARY" to*

*Signature* .....

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

**16/-**
**Book 14/6**
**Postage, 1/6**

*No. of Chq., M./O., P./N.* .....

*Value* .....

*Date* / /1951



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389545



**ELIZABETH** ◆ **A devoted daughter and fond mother, Elizabeth has received the sympathetic good wishes of the whole world during the past few weeks. This portrait was taken by Canadian photographer Karsh to mark the tour of Canada planned originally to begin on October 2.**



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389546




AT THESE GOOD STORES:

SYDNEY: DAVID JONES', FARMER'S, MARK FOY'S, LISMORE: IDA AMOS. MELBOURNE: FOY & GIBSON, MYER'S, GEORGE'S, GEELONG: MORRIS JACOBS. BRISBANE: SHIRLEY'S, T. C. BEIRNE'S, ALLAN & STARK. ADELAIDE: MYER'S, MARTIN'S. LAUNCESTON: McKINLAY'S. PERTH: BETTS & BETTS, BOANS.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS: AUSTRALIAN FOOTWEAR DISTRIBUTORS PTY. LTD., 73 CROMWELL ST., COLLINGWOOD, MELB., VIC. (WHOLESALE ONLY)


# Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 19. October 10, 1951

## THE KING

THROUGHOUT the British Commonwealth of Nations the sympathy of men and women has been with the Royal Family in the past week.

"How is the King?" was a question asked continually with the concern that springs from true affection—the kind of concern usually reserved for the closest friends.

For in his 14 years' reign King George VI has attained a unique place in the hearts of his people.

*An unpretentious, unassuming man, he did not in his younger days expect or wish to bear the heavy responsibilities of the Crown.*

Those responsibilities were thrust upon him; he bore them with a devotion to duty which has never been excelled in the long history of British Royalty.

Throughout the six years of war he and the Queen set an example of courage and calmness which was an inspiration to their subjects—which indeed gave the rest of the world an understanding of why the democratic British cling with pride to their monarchy.

All those years and ever since the King never spared himself. Few men envied him the job he carried on with such small regard for his failing health.

*He set an example not only in his public life, but in his private life. He and the Queen and their two daughters have been symbolic of the happy, close-knit family which is the ideal of the British people.*

The thoughts of millions of their subjects are now constantly with that little family. Now, as in other times of national or personal crises, their bearing and regard for duty win the admiration of the world.

## OUR COVER

. . . Artist Wep will touch responsive chords in many wistful hearts with his home-building scene. People who know the frustrations of trying to erect four plain walls and a roof (tiled, tin, or tarred paper) will be full of sympathy. The only member of the group who seems completely happy is junior, who "helps" dad by hammering a few nails.

## This week:

● Preliminary judging of our £5000 Quiz Contest has begun, but there's still time to enter. If you haven't already cut out and kept the questions, turn to page 48 where you will find them repeated.

● Karsh, of Ottawa, who took the color portrait of Princess Elizabeth on page 15, is one of the most celebrated portrait photographers in the world. His studies of men are especially famous—it was his picture of King George we used last week. Born in Armenia in 1908, Yousuf Karsh went to Canada when 15, and is now a Canadian citizen. It was through his wife, Solange Gauthier, that he first had the opportunities which led him eventually to photograph so many of the distinguished men of the age. She was interested in little theatre—so was the then Governor-General's son, Lord Duncannon, who introduced Karsh's work to Canadian dignitaries. Karsh's brilliance did the rest. One of his best-known portraits is that of Winston Churchill, taken when Churchill visited Ottawa in 1941. Churchill, impatient, lit a cigar and said "Shoot!" Karsh leaned over and plucked the cigar from Churchill's mouth. Churchill scowled. Karsh clicked the shutter. The result was a masterpiece.

Karsh's wife once said of him: "I didn't marry a husband. I married a camera with a lens for a heart, but that little guy surely has genius."

## Next week:

● The ten-page beauty section in our next issue has a novel approach. It gives you a three-day beauty plan. Even if you can't see three days clear in the near future to try the whole thing you'll find something in it for your special problem. Figure, hair, and complexion are all taken care of. There's a set of exercises designed to correct figure faults, two versatile new hair styles, skin treatment and make-up suggestions, and food charts.

## BOOK REVIEW

BY GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN

Blandings' Way By ERIC HODGINS

"BLANDINGS' WAY" is a joyous sequel to "Mr. Blandings Builds his Dream House." Its sharp satire carries the idealistic Blandings and his family through the rigors of stately country life in conservative Lansdale County, Connecticut.

Mr. Blandings longs to be a useful part of that life. He feels that by doing good by his neighbors he will make up for his daily life in the New York advertising world, where he is a victim of his success.

His handling of copy for chocolate laxative, Old Supine Whisky, Arf Dog Food, and Catchow for Cats has made him a distinguished man of advertising letters.

But the thing that drives him to see contentment in Lansdale County is a new advertising account, International Screw, which requires him to write an open letter to Joseph Stalin — "a monumental absurdity, out of which John Milton himself could have produced nothing more sensible."

So he cuts his New York working time to two days a week, gets mixed up with the "Blade," the local paper, and sets out to do good by his neighbors.

But his neighbors do not want to be done good by, particularly the County rulers and the arty-crafty fugitives from New York.

He also has to cope with Betsy, his beautiful elder schoolgirl daughter with a too-devoted team of admirers, and Joan, his clever younger girl.

It is Joan who really starts things when she brings fame to Lansdale by writing a winning essay for the Nubile Girlhood Magazine on "What the Atomic Age Means to a Girl on the Threshold of Life."

In front of newsreel cameras and microphones she is given a 500-dollar U.S. bond, along with a little speech about Our Children, the Heritage of the Future, Enduring Peace, and her country's encouraging rate of progress in stockpiling atomic bomb material.

But a great columnist discovers a hideous defect in Joan's essay. It venerates the eminent scientist Madame Curie. The President of the United States does not object to this, but the columnist does.

He points out that Madame Curie bred a daughter who now adulates Red politics. This scandalous news eats into the soul of Lansdale County. The Blandings' are labelled Communists, and trouble come faster than days.

"Blandings' Way" satirises advertising and extremes of thought in a brilliant manner which will appeal as much to author Eric Hodgins' fellow Americans as it will to others.

*"Blandings' Way," published by Michael Joseph. Our copy from Angus and Robertson Ltd.*

The Australian Women's Weekly

HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Letters: Box 4098WW, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. Letters: Box 409P, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax Street, Adelaide. Letters: Box 188A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 40 Stirling Street, Perth. Letters: Box 4910, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389547

# Camera-shy kiddies respond to tricks



TWINS Buster and Bill had different ideas of the camera when they visited child photographer Harry Stead's studio. Buster closed her eyes but Bill would not miss anything. Mr. Stead likes photographing shy children because he says they are a challenge to his powers to make friends with them.



CLASPING her brother's hand gave Buster courage to look into the camera and grin. Mr. Stead does not have toys in his studio because he believes they distract children's attention from the photographer too much.

## Photographers' antics get results, says London expert

**Parents who want to take good pictures of their children should temporarily abandon dignity, according to former London child photographer Harry Stead.**

By BETTY BEST, staff reporter

"THEY should get up to all sorts of antics to distract the child's open-mouthed or frightened attention from the camera," he told me.

"To get a child into the right mood I'll do anything, from blowing soap bubbles to putting things on my head and letting them fall just as I take the picture."

Mr. Stead is a recent arrival in Australia. He formerly had a studio in Bond Street, London.

In England, where he took more than 1000 pictures a year, he had the reputation for being able to handle all types of children.

"I like photographing children because they are natural models with a wonderful variety of expressions," he said.

"I take no notice of a child at first.

"After the mother and I have talked for a while, the child is interested and wants to join in. That is where the mother has to take a back seat while the child and I have a game.

"The worst thing a photographer can do is make a child conscious of the camera. That 'watch-the-birdie' stuff has spoiled too many photographs. I can sum up a child in five minutes.

"An over-friendly child I photograph quickly before he gets out of hand, because I've had my camera knocked over too often by excited children."

In 1937 Mr. Stead photographed Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret at Windsor for King George VI.

"The children were playing together in the garden, so I pulled a few of my tricks on them," he said.

"In a few minutes they were responding just like any other kids of seven and ten, and I got some very pleasing shots."



MISCHIEVOUS EXPRESSION on three-year-old Jamie's face was the result of several minutes' play. Mr. Stead tapped Jamie's nose, Jamie put up a protective hand. The camera clicked while Jamie pondered a way to tap back.



EXPECTANT SMILE of Joanna and Jonathan was the result of an offer—typical of Mr. Stead's methods—to give them a film tin to play with. The next picture reveals why the tin was promised.



THE PHOTOGRAPHER threw the tin into the flowers on the side of the hedge. The children's disappointment was quickly caught by Mr. Stead in this study, which so graphically portrays a minor juvenile tragedy.



SHY LITTLE GIRL had a fascinating range of expressions but would not smile. She watched bubbles blown from a pipe by the photographer, who hid behind the camera. The resultant picture captured this expression.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389548



Picture your leading man in an

# "alpha-jumbo"

(THE JUMBO-STRIPE SPORT-KNITS EVERYONE LOVES!)



COOL AS A SEA BREEZE — EASY TO WASH
ALL SIZES FROM 24" TO 42" CHESTS



12 DIFFERENT STRIPES AND COLOURS
WONDERFUL AGAINST A MANLY SUNTAN



ELASTICISED NECKBANDS STAY SNUG-FITTING FOR LIFE

alpha
SPORTSWEAR
GOES EVERYWHERE IN TOP STYLE

Only alpha makes genuine jumbo stripes

ASK FOR AN "alpha-jumbo" – ON SALE EVERYWHERE!




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389549

# BEAUTY TALK

By Beauty Adviser MARGARET LAMOND



**LOIS STEVENS,** *leading Sydney model, says: "Since I've changed to wonderful new Colinated Foam Shampoo, my hair is really silky-soft and shining!"*

## KEEPING YOUR HAIR SILKY-SOFT AND SHINING

I WAS talking to lovely Lois Stevens last week, writes Margaret Lamond. She told me about changing over to the amazing new Colinated Foam Shampoo, and her hair looks really beautiful. To be honest, keeping your hair looking lovely and glamorous is really a matter for yourself. It demands continual care, and, above all, regular shampoos. By regular, I mean at least once a week—anything less is just not good enough. Always use a good shampoo. Even the most expensive soaps leave a dulling film which hides the natural sheen and shuts out beauty. If you take my advice, you'll never trust your precious hair to anything else but new Colinated Foam Shampoo. The synthetic "soapless" shampoos were developed in England and America because the hard water there makes it difficult to get a lather even with expensive, super-creamed soaps. If you've ever tried these "soapless" shampoos you may have noticed they tend to absorb the natural oils so essential to healthy, beautiful hair. Fortunately, our Australian water is beautifully soft and easy to get a lather, without using anything synthetic. That's why I recommend the wonderful new Colinated Foam Shampoo, which contains a hair-conditioner to keep the hair healthy and radiant. I don't know of any other shampoo so kind and gentle to your hair as new Colinated Foam.

## TEENAGER TELLS OF HAIR MAGIC



LOVELY, talented Jeanette Elphick, popular Sydney teenager model, says: "I'm glad I changed to new Colinated Foam Shampoo. It keeps my hair in natural looking, silky-soft and shining." If you value your hair, and you should, use only new Colinated Foam Shampoo. You, too, will love the extra silky shine it gives your hair. Nine glamorous shampoos from a bottle is the best value anywhere. Get a bottle to-day.

Margaret Lamond

*P.S.—The new hair-conditioner in new Colinated Foam Shampoo keeps your hair healthy and shining, and it is a dandruff preventive as well.*

# Worth Reporting

LIAISON officer for first-class passengers in the Oronsay, at present in Australian waters, is Viscount James Craig Craigavon, of County Down.

He is in charge of passengers' entertainment. They call him "M'lord," or sometimes "Jimmy."

The Oronsay will return to London in time for Viscount Craigavon to take his place in the House of Lords at the opening of Parliament on November 6.

"I've been working in shipping offices practically ever since I left Eton," he said.

Lord Craigavon, who is 45, has no ancestral home.

"I spent most of my early life in Northern Ireland, where my father was Prime Minister," he explained. "We lived at the official residence.

"Now my family and I have a cottage with a garden in Kensington, London.

"By the way," he added, "our children have most original names. Janitha, who is 11, was born in Alexandria. Janric, 7, the boy, was given a Scandinavian name because my wife, Angela, and I met in Norway, and the younger girl is Jacaranda, after the jacaranda trees in Capetown, where she was born."

* * *

*NEW port of call on the Suez route to England is Ceuta, in Spanish Morocco. It has been used since the Persian oil dispute closed the Persian Gulf to British shipping.*

*A friend of ours wrote to say that it hadn't taken the inhabitants long to develop the knack of dealing with tourists.*

*A little old Spanish woman at one of the stalls said to her: "I speak Inglesi. You Inglesi?"*

*"No, Australian," replied the traveller.*

*Thereupon the Spanish woman produced a tin of peaches branded "Leeton, N.S.W., Australia."*

*Our friend paid up.*

## T.B. poster was in "world class"

WINNING design by Mr. R. H. Sim, of 227 Woodland St., Balgowlah, N.S.W., in the Australian Tuberculosis Association's recent contest for a poster screen slide and Christmas seals was described as being in "world class."

The contest, which was launched by The Australian Women's Weekly, attracted hundreds of entries, including one from Fiji.

Mr. Sim's design had a large red cross, with two delicately drawn sprays of leaves.

On the right is the health spray against a glowing pink background. On the left is a decayed spray on a grey-tinted background.

Kangaroos, magpies, aborigines, lyre-birds, boomerangs, and native rock-drawings are also incorporated in the design.

## RIVETS



## Paris fashions to make at home

MELBOURNE dress buyer Miss Eve Ogilvie, who has just returned from her annual visit to Paris, told us of three accessories, from Christian Dior's salon, which can be made at home.

They are the blinker veil, the evening spencer, and the crinoline petticoat.

The blinker veil is the latest cocktail "hat" in Europe. It is simply a straight piece of black veiling, worn over the eyes and tied round the hair with black velvet ribbon, ending in a bow at the back. Some are sewn with diamente, sequins, or rhinestones. Others have black velvet leaves appliqued on one side or a tiny cluster of black velvet grapes dangling over one ear.

The evening spencer is a bat-winged bolero which ties under the bustline or has long ends which wind several times around the waist. Made in velvet or in the same fabric as the dress, it transforms a long or short evening frock into a dinner or cocktail gown.

Dear to young hearts will be the crinoline petticoat which is worn to help the new full-skirted look. Dior made one in scarlet taffeta, with a scarf to match.

Miss Ogilvie also told us of America's cobbler apron. It resembles a pinafore and is made by joining two strips of material at the shoulders, cutting a hole for the neck, and holding the waist in with ribbons.

* * *

*A SMALL but shrewd child came home from school recently and explained to her mother that she was doing exams. at school and that all the pupils had to sit in separate seats so they wouldn't cheat.*

*"But you wouldn't cheat, would you, dear?" her mother asked.*

*"Oh, no, Mummie," the little girl replied, "the other girl might be wrong."*

## Varied pottery in exhibition

AN exhibition of 60 pieces of pottery, all on simple classical lines, is being held by Mrs. Clare McMahon Pitman, of Pymble, N.S.W., from October 4 to October 18 at David Jones' Art Gallery, Sydney.

The pieces include vases, pitchers, lampstands, and savory trays.

Mrs. Pitman last year won the Museum of Technology and Applied Arts prize for the most original design and best-executed pottery piece.

It was an intricately designed jade-green urn in the shape of a Korean lion, which has since been on loan to the Museum of Technology and will be included in the exhibition.

## Town re-enacts its founding

RESIDENTS of Clarence Town, N.S.W., had a day of festivity on September 29 when they celebrated their town's 150th anniversary.

Honorary secretary of the Clarence Town Sesquicentenary Committee, Rev. W. E. Weston, believes that the town is the seventh oldest in the State.

The main event of the celebrations was the re-enactment of the founding of the town by Lieut.-Colonel Paterson and his party in 1801.

The scene of the re-enactment was the old wharf on the banks of the Williams River, right in the heart of Clarence Town. In the old days, ships coming up the river berthed there.

Two boatloads of "explorers" landed at the wharf. The local baker, Laurie Dark, played the role of Lieut.-Colonel Paterson, and his cousin, Harry Dark, took the part of the surgeon with the discovery party. Other townspeople acted as the seamen who rowed the boats.

After the re-enactment ceremony, citizens watched a procession of floats representing the district's industries.





MADE AT UXBRIDGE, MIDDLESEX, ENGLAND

Supplied to all the leading Stores in the Six States of Australia.




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389550

# HELSINKI prepares for 1952 Olympics

NEW OLYMPIC VILLAGE, where most of the competitors will live. In the background is the old Olympic village, built for the 1940 Games and now occupied by private families. The tall chimney belongs to the powerhouse which will supply the new village.

***Helsinki, picturesque capital of Finland, site of the 1952 Olympic Games, is getting ready now. The Games will take place next year in July and August, Finland's best weather months. In their preparations, the Finns' most difficult problem has been how to accommodate an expected 150,000 to 200,000 visitors, nearly half the normal population of Helsinki.***



FINNISH ATHLETE. Twenty-year-old typist Anja Santaner, at left, a member of one of Finland's gymnast teams, stands in front of the tower which dominates the stadium.



AT THE OLYMPIC STADIUM, above, is a leading Helsinki women's gymnast team. The girls had just returned from a Scandinavian tour. The stadium holds 70,000.

THE Finns have found a practical solution to the problem of how to provide for Olympic visitors.

Housing is urgently needed, so, after the Games, the accommodation built for competitors, trainers, and visiting officials will be turned over to Helsinki families.

When the Finns were prospective hosts for the 1940 Olympics, which had to be cancelled because of the war, they built an Olympic village. This was intended to house about 3200 athletes. Instead, it was handed over to Finnish families.

A new Olympic village is now being built alongside the old one. It is in beautiful wooded country a few miles from the city. It comprises 14 three-story and four-story blocks of flats containing a total of nearly 600 flats of two and three rooms each.

The village is less than two miles from the main stadium and only a few minutes' walk from the various training grounds.

The Finns pride themselves on the fact that at no other Olympic meeting has living, training, and



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389551



A WATERFRONT SCENE. In the background are the ships which will act as floating hotels during the Games to provide extra accommodation. The ships are able to come right into Helsinki. The Finns sell their wares at stalls on the waterfront.



TYPICAL FINNISH MARKET. From markets such as these in Helsinki's sunny squares visitors will be able to buy souvenirs. Souvenirs are expensive, but the Finns hope to have special exchange concessions next year. Many of the souvenirs are of wood.



MANNERHEIM'S GRAVE. The Finns are intensely proud of their national hero, Marshal Mannerheim. In the background are the graves of war heroes.



EXAMPLE OF FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATION offered Games visitors. Lutheran minister Rovasti Johannes Waltasaari is seen here with his family. His daughter Hildi (at piano) wants to migrate to Australia and is eager to meet Australians.

By HAROLD DVORETSKY
Color photographs by John Piercy

sporting accommodation been so adjacent as it is at Helsinki.

The Olympic village and a new waterfront hotel, plus several more new blocks of flats, mainly for women contestants, will house an expected 6000 competitors, their trainers, and visiting officials.

There is hotel accommodation for only 3000 in Helsinki. This accommodation has been set aside solely for the use of foreign visitors.

The Helsinki public came to the rescue of the Games Committee by providing accommodation for at least 33,000.

Some families are giving up their homes to the visitors. Others are giving up rooms, and a number have offered the use of their villas.

This type of accommodation will be split up into first, second, and third class. Prices will range from £1 a day for each person in a third-class room with three beds to about £2 a day for a single room in first-class accommodation.

Even cheaper accommodation will be available.

The Finns are arranging community houses, where a bunk-bed with blankets and sheets will cost about 10/- a day, or in a tent, which will cost 6/- a day.

If a visitor brings his own tent and sleeping-bag, the renting of a plot of land on one of the beautiful little islands around Helsinki will cost about 3/- a day.

All facilities, such as bathing and cooking, will be available to the tent dwellers.



GYMNAST TEAMS. One of the leading women's gymnast teams in Finland practising in the Olympic Stadium. Steep-sided stands allow spectators a full view of the arena and of the running-track. The tower of the stadium is visible from nearly every place in and around Helsinki.



FINNISH FASHIONS. Mrs. Armi Ratia discusses a design with her head artist in the book-lined office of her salon at Helsinki. One of Finland's leading models, Mrs. Greta Fabricius, wears a smart blue-striped evening gown, a recent Ratia creation.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389552



**A Bewitching Fragrance**

*A Powder of* SILK-SIFTED *super-fineness*

Let a flawless Gemey make-up give you a new, exciting personality . . . pearl-smooth complexion radiance, and the haunting fragrance of exquisite Gemey perfume.

Silk-sifted for super-fineness, the clinging softness of Gemey Face Powder lasts for hours without re-powdering . . . it never streaks or cakes.

Richard Hudnut created Gemey for fashion leaders of New York, London and Paris . . . in latest, beautifully blended shades. Select *your* shade, and use Gemey Face Powder always.

**Harmonising Gemey Beauty Aids**

*Perfume, Creams, Cleansing Lotion, Talc and Dusting Powder.*





**Gemey**

SILK-SIFTED **FACE POWDER**

CREATION OF Richard Hudnut
NEW YORK LONDON PARIS SYDNEY

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND SELECTED DEPARTMENT STORES

G-2.02.51



**Women trust 'Dettol' because they've seen it used by doctors and nurses in hospitals.**

**'DETTOL'**

THE IDEAL ANTISEPTIC

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

5208


ANNABELLE



*"Theatre tickets, match this ribbon, change these gloves . . . oh, and if there's time get a few sandwiches for the boss' lunch."*

BUTCH



*"It's awfully nice of you. My wife always falls asleep when I try out my office pep talks on her."*

# It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drain

"WHY are you looking so cross, Papa?"

"Hush, Willie, your father is thinking about the Budget."

"What is the Budget, Mama?"

"The Budget is a thing the Government does to bring down the cost of living by putting it up."

"I don't understand that, Mama."

"Neither does your father."

"Who does understand it?"

"Mr. Menzies and Sir Arthur Fadden."

"But didn't Papa vote for Mr. Menzies and——"

"Hush, hush, HUSH, Willie. With the new sales tax on shaving gear, your poor father can't even afford a new razor blade to cut his throat."

* * *

MANY people feel that it is time that the eleven-year-old restrictions on the manufacture of table margarine were lifted.

In butterless New South Wales there's a particularly strong agitation for the review of the agreement made between the States in 1940.

Housewives find it annoying enough to be without butter. It makes them still madder to have difficulty in getting margarine.

In States which have granted the price rise in butter, thereby assuring supplies, many people take more interest in margarine than formerly, because it is cheaper.

(If you mix the two together the result's not at all bad.)

Dairy farmers see margarine as a menace to their livelihood. But in a world of growing food shortages, restrictions on the production of any foodstuff seem unrealistic.

I notice, incidentally, that the Oxford Dictionary defines margarine as the legal name for all substances made in imitation of butter.

I doubt, however, that it is intended to apply to the substitute offered by some Sydney sandwich shops at present. My own theory is that the said shops dampen the bread a little with milk.

* * *

THE reasons for which people band themselves together into clubs, societies, and associations are rich and varied. They range from love of cats to hatred of controls.

Whatever the reason, most "joiners" derive comfort from thinking like other members of a group.

So it comes as a shock to learn that there is in London a Society of Individualists—a contradiction in terms if ever there was one.

To be a professed individualist would be a hard life. No matter what eccentricities you might cultivate, there would always be the danger of being caught out in some conformity.

I suppose that is why individualists need a society. Whereas ordinary conventional people need to reassure themselves that they are like everyone else, the individualists want the comfort of occasional meetings so that they can all tell one another how different they are.

IT was one of those sunny Saturday mornings of early summer when even hunting for potatoes is a pleasure.

Along Darlinghurst Road at King's Cross, Sydney, where any day produces its quota of entertaining sights, came a brunette with an upper section built on Jane Russell lines, but not so effectively.

She wore a brilliant yellow blouse off the shoulders—well off the shoulders. Two elderly ladies, passing, gave a startled stare. One said fretfully, "Oh dear, with the warm weather coming, we're going to have a lot of that now."

"Don't WORRY, dear," said the other. "There's nothing we can do about it, and it's simply no use worrying about things we can't alter."

* * *

NO invention in recent years has interested me half so much as the Canadian device which will enable surface observers to see on a television screen what goes on in the depths of the ocean.

It is a fish-shaped steel contraption equipped with motors, a camera lens, and a spotlight.

Though aware that (a) the device is in its infancy and (b) that it is intended for serious purposes, I hope to live long enough to see it used as a medium of entertainment.

American naturalist Gilbert C. Klingel in his book "Inagua" tells of a night-time descent into deep water off a reef near an island in the Bahamas.

His description of the sights to be seen under the water makes fascinating—and hair-raising—reading. It would take a considerable amount of courage to slip over the side of a boat on a pitch dark night with no better reason than a naturalist's curiosity.

I'm always envious of spear-fishermen, who need a share of courage, too, even though they work in daylight.

But I fear I'll have to be satisfied with gazing into rock pools until underwater television is within the reach of all.

* * *

BECAUSE women employees were arriving late for work, a time-and-motion expert at an Illinois, U.S., factory designed a garment combining dress, underwear, and corsets, which can be zipped on in 30 seconds.

They ought to sack him (obviously the expert is a man) for wasting his time. Any woman could have told him that putting on clothes takes only five per cent. of dressing-time. The vital ninety-five per cent. is spent on decoration and finishing touches.

* * *

*I THINK I never saw a hat*
*That suited me so ill as these:*
*The coolie and the forward-flat*
*That fashion for this year decrees.*

*They don't one bit enhance my mug,*
*No matter if a small or broad one,*
*But with Sir Arthur Fadden's dug*
*What matters it: I can't afford one!*


**Did you PROTEX yourself this morning?**



I ENJOY THE CLEAN BUSHLAND TANG



PROTEX IS MY CHOICE AS A DEODORANT COMPLEXION SOAP



BOY—PROTEX MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD

*Stay as fresh as a breeze with Protex, the deodorant Complexion Soap with the clean bushland fragrance. Protex is medicated to guard against offending, and infection. Protex is the soap for all the family.*








National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389553




ENGLAND'S FINEST

# Haslam Fabrics

HASLAM Fabrics



The exciting search for something new . . .
the happy expression of your own personality — colorful
Haslam Fabrics with their fashion-right designs
are the delightful answer. Always look for the Haslam label.

Haslam Fabrics are manufactured throughout in Lancashire, England, by the makers of Haslam Permacola Furnishing Fabrics, and Haslam Sheets.

H23-CP



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389554



Nothing to worry about here both teeth AND GUMS are O.K.



S.R. Toothpaste does much more than help stop decay

IT PROTECTS YOUR GUMS

It is not enough to use a toothpaste or powder that merely helps stop decay. Your gums must be protected, too. S.R. Toothpaste is especially prepared both to help stop decay and *protect your gums.* S.R. contains Sodium Ricinoleate, an ingredient often used for the treatment of unhealthy gums. For sparkling teeth in firm, *healthy gums,* use S.R. Toothpaste.




CARES FOR GUMS, HELPS STOP DECAY
. . . S.R. WORKS THE DOUBLE WAY

S.R.50.WW122g.

CHEMISTS RECOMMEND
portex Plastic Skin
for INSECT BITES
—mosquito, sandfly, etc.—Cuts and All Minor Skin Injuries.
Made in England by Portland Plastics Ltd.

Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet


# Gala opening to Race Week

*GUESTS dressed as pantomime characters at the "Naughty 'Nineties Night at the Pantomime," held at the A.C.I. Ballroom. The High Commissioner for Pakistan, Mr. Yusef Haroon, as Ali Baba, and Mrs. Jimmy Coleman, as a witch, won prizes for the best character costumes. Mr. Elwood Haas, as the "Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe," was the best dressed "Dame," and Mrs. Ian Jacoby the best Principal Boy.*



*ORGAN-GRINDERS. Mr. W. J. Smith (right), who loaned the A.C.I. Ballroom for the occasion, and Mr. Eric Kennedy were a pair of merry organ-grinders. Mr. Smith ground out the tunes while Mr. Kennedy held the monkey, Chick.*



*AIRBORNE. Mrs. Jimmy Coleman leaps down the stairs shouting some magic words to the dancers. Mrs. Coleman made false chin, nose, and eyebrows of putty, added a wig of horsehair, a pointed hat. She won a prize.*



*OLD-TIME CRICKETER. Mrs. Lennox Bode, complete with flower-laden black tulle hat and ostrich-feather stole, watched Marcel Dekyvere show off his cricket prowess to his wife, Nola. Her white taffeta skirt was really an underskirt, worn with a pale blue blouse, white boater, and a green sunshade. Proceeds of the ball will go to the Smith Family.*



*GIBSON GIRLS. Mrs. Alan Copeland (left) and Mrs. Ernest Watt, wearing becoming boaters, chat with Mr. Claude Healy.*



*MIXED FOURSOME. Douglas Lamb, as a clown, and his wife, Molly, as a circus girl, with the chief hostess, Mrs. W. J. Smith, dressed as Aladdin, and John Richards, who designed the ballroom setting.*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389555



BLACK AND WHITE BALL. Pretty Sheila Stephens offers a carnation buttonhole to John Desereux while Betty Campbell looks on, at the Black and White Ball at the Trocadero on Tuesday. Sheila's frock was of white organdie.



ATTRACTIVE COUPLE. Josephine Roche and Michael Jones at the Black and White Ball. Prizes for the most attractive dresses were won by Mrs. Graham Body and Miss Margaret Watt.



HAPPY GROUP. Ian Simpson, of Inverell (left), and David Aitken with Helen Mary Lysaght (left), of Murrurundi, Jill Hassall, of Braidwood, and Ginny Champneys, of Cairns, at the Black and White Ball. Proceeds of the ball go to the Royal Sydney Industrial Blind Institution.

# Social Gottings

***HEADS of households must have looked into a crystal ball some weeks ahead of the races when it was time for their wives to order spring ensembles. Social misses and matrons chose their race clothes with an eye to utility rather than glamor.***

But, though the fashions weren't exciting, even Sir Arthur's Budget couldn't check the gaiety of Race Week.

In fact, Budget Blues were temporarily forgotten, and the news of the King's improved state of health made everyone feel relieved.

• • •

RACES got away to a gay start last Saturday, when the sun shone brightly and punters flocked to the course. Some admitted to being a little jaded after the "Naughty Nineties" Ball the night before. One guest, who had cavorted till the early hours, arrived proclaiming, "Naughty Nineties, indeed. This morning I feel ninety and BAD."

Despite the high cost of living, the "groaning board" at the Australian Club luncheon looked as if Sir Artie certainly hadn't had a hand in the ordering. Delicious menu tempted appetites.

ANYWAY, Budget cares seemed to be farthest from the minds of country punters at Randwick. Saw genial Frank Bragg and his wife, Ruth, escorting their pretty daughter Sally to the races. They lunched at the Australian Club with Fred and Joan Moses, of "Valais," Willow Tree, Ted and Ellie Body, of Trangie, and Phyl Mackay, of Dungog. Phyl's polo-playing husband, Ken, was in Rockhampton for the rodeo. Joanie Moses and her sister-in-law, Ellie Body, joined forces and entertained a few friends at the Macquarie Club during Race Week. At another table at the club luncheon, Marge Cobcroft, of Herbert Park, Armidale, looked very dashing in a cherry shantung suit, with a white hat swathed with cherry chiffon. Her escorts were husband Arthur and his brother Gavin.



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. Mrs. Tom Baillieu, of "Tongy," Cassilis, and her daughter Leslie were early arrivals on Metropolitan Day with Mr. Baillieu. Their horse, Achilles, raced in the George Main Stakes.

MOST of the Younger Set were at the fabulous party given for Antonia Blaxland and Michael and Pat Osborne, of Currandooley, Bungendore, at the home of Toe's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Blaxland, of Woollahra.

Guests danced beneath a marquee lined entirely with pink and white organdie to match Toe's lovely white frock with draped apron skirt of palest pink satin.

Flowers frozen in ice decorated the marquee, and waxed flowers in pink and white rose up from around the goldfish pool on the lawns.

ANOTHER wonderful party was Carol Forbes' 21st, given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Milner Forbes, of Neutral Bay.

Hear that conversation came to an abrupt halt at one stage when the marquee suddenly collapsed. Two boys from the West were strongly suspected of pulling out the tent pegs!

• • •

SMARTLY dressed mother and daughters at Randwick were Mrs. A. G. Potter, wife of the A.J.C. chairman, and Barbie and Sue. Mrs. Potter's lavender grey silk frock was coin-spotted in white and worn with matching straw hat. With them was Mrs. Bedford Osborne, of Gunderoo.



COUNTRY PUNTERS. Mrs. Graham Body, of "Ulupna," Inverell, with Mr. Sam Osborne, of Redbank, Harden, were keen racegoers at the Spring Meeting.

IMPRESSIONS OF RACE WEEK . . . The unyielding stamina of country guests and city hosts alike as the party pace increased . . . the shorter hemlines and the lack of duster coats and coolie hats . . . that wonderful crop of beards and moustaches at the "Naughty 'Nineties Night at the Pantomime" Ball and the thought that the wearers could make them a permanent fixture and beat the 50 per cent. Budget increase on razor blades . . . Mrs. Eric Pratten provoking envy on Derby Day, when she wore a black linen frock and shady hat of pale yellow straw swathed in cocoa chiffon, and again on Metropolitan Day, in a cool black-and-white printed frock.

STARTERS in the "cutest hat trims" stakes . . . Mrs. Claude Conrick's strawberry-pink straw pixie, with three diamente-studded mushrooms in brown, green, and wine velvet balanced on the brim . . . Wendy Williams' white panama, with a tiny straw bee hovering over the fat white pique berries on either side . . . Titian-haired Mrs. Edward Hamilton's yellow straw mushroom bedecked with clumps of golden wattle.

Anne



BUFFET DINNER. Anne Forster, of "Abington," Armidale (left), Mrs. A. Steindl, of Tamworth, and Julia Nivison, of "Mirani," Walcha, at the buffet dinner given on Tuesday night by Julia's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Munro, of "Booroomooka," Bingara, at the Australia Hotel. Mr. Gordon Munro, whose horse Bonny Romance won the Kia-Ora Handicap on Metropolitan Day, helped his parents receive the 130 guests.



BACK HOME AGAIN. Mrs. John Brunton (right) and her daughter, Diana, who attended Metropolitan Day at Randwick together. Mrs. Brunton arrived back in Australia just a few weeks ago, and Diana has been back from England for two months.



METROPOLITAN DAY. Mrs. Pat Osborne, of "Bundarbo," Coolac, punted with Mrs. Betty Lang at Randwick. Mrs. Osborne's smart black suit was worn with a shocking-pink straw hat trimmed with white roses. Mrs. Lang chose a grey suit.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389556

# Even the MAN-about-the-house says "It's got to be NYAL"



When a medicine bears the name of a trusted maker—like NYAL—you, too, can be sure that the product you are buying is the best that long pharmaceutical experience and modern manufacturing methods can produce.

Above all, NYAL medicines are thoroughly *dependable*. The formulas are as good as skilled chemists know how to make them. NYAL makes no secret of its formulas. They are plainly printed on the packages for all to see. That's why your chemist will so often recommend NYAL medicines. *He knows what they contain.* He knows, too, that only the highest quality ingredients obtainable enter into the composition of NYAL medicines.



**NYAL FIGSEN**—your favourite children's laxative—is now offered in *Double Strength*, specially formulated for adults. FIGSEN is gentle, yet thorough in action; easy to take; pleasant tasting. *Regular* for children—2/3; *Double Strength* for adults—3/-.



**NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA**

FOR BABIES—Nyal Milk of Magnesia after feeding prevents "wind" and helps to ensure regular habits. FOR CHILDREN—gently relieves minor digestive upsets. FOR ADULTS—provides prompt relief from indigestion, heartburn and acid stomach. Sweetened and regular—2/3, 3/9.

*Sold only by Chemists*




# NYAL

*NYAL Medicines are manufactured in these ultra-modern laboratories under conditions of immaculate cleanliness. Each medicine is compounded by the most advanced methods under the supervision of qualified pharmacists and afterwards standardised by competent chemists. Only the highest quality ingredients obtainable enter into the composition of NYAL Medicines.*





**NYAL CREOPHOS**

Nyal Creophos is more than just a tonic — it is combined cough mixture and tonic. That's one of the reasons why it so effectively clears up the stubborn cough that so often follows 'flu. Contains nine body-building ingredients. Three sizes, 3/6, 6/-, 7/6.



**NYAL VITAMIN AND MINERAL TONIC**

If you feel in need of a tonic, ask your chemist about NYAL VITAMIN AND MINERAL TONIC — a balanced formula of B complex vitamins, essential minerals and trace elements. Valuable in restoring health after illness. Improves appetite. Builds vitality. 6/-.



**NYAL BABY COUGH SYRUP**

A pleasant-tasting combination of wholesome and effective ingredients, specially prepared to treat coughs and colds in infants and children up to five years of age. Contains no opiates. 2/6, 3/6.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389557

# Eight nurses care for King at Palace



MISS DOREEN PEARCE, a member of the nursing staff of Westminster Hospital, London, is helping to look after the King during his illness.



MISS RUTH BESWETHERICK, ward sister at Westminster Hospital, is one of the special staff of nurses chosen to give His Majesty the best medical care.



MISS HILDE ROSS, 26, one of the eight nurses who are maintaining a 24-hour vigil at Buckingham Palace in the King's specially set up sickroom.



MISS KATHLEEN NORMAN, 25, who was chosen as Britain's "typical nurse," is helping to care for the King at Buckingham Palace.

## Gifts of flowers sent on to London hospitals

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

**One of the eight nurses chosen to take care of the King during and after his operation was Britain's "typical nurse."**

**Her face is familiar to millions, for she was selected by the Central Office of Information to be photographed for a publication on the nursing profession.**

SHE is 25-year-old Sister Kathleen Norman, and she comes from Westminster Hospital, close to Buckingham Palace.

Early every morning Londoners who pause at the gates of Buckingham Palace to read the bulletin on the King's health see nurses in their red cloaks and white caps passing in and out as they come on and off duty.

Seven of the eight nurses are from Westminster. The eighth was brought specially from Midhurst, in Sussex, from the King Edward VII Sanatorium.

She is Miss Janet Clemenson, senior surgical ward sister there.

She took her place in the team at the special request of the surgeon, Mr. Clement Price Thomas. He had seen her work often before.

Sharing day duty with Kathleen Norman is another pretty girl, Miss Doreen Pearce, of Kent. She has beautiful dark, wide-set eyes, dark wavy hair, and a wide, charming smile.

Another of the girls is a socialite, Miss Audrey Patterson, who passed her preliminary nursing examination while still at Britain's most fashionable girls' school, Roedean.

Six years later she was a fully trained nurse, and, like the rest of those in attendance during the King's operation, she had assisted Mr. Price Thomas at operations and understood his methods.

The others are Miss Sarah Minter, senior theatre sister at Westminster Hospital, who is a daughter of the head gardener to Lady Harcourt, of Puttenham Priory, Surrey; Miss Vera Ream, of Skegness, Westminster Hospital silver medallist; Miss Ruth Beswetherick, ward sister at Westminster; and 26-year-old Miss Hilde Ross, of Surrey.

None of the nurses sleeps at the Palace. They live in the sisters' quarters at Westminster and are encouraged to spend their leisure as usual so that they come back to the Palace bright and cheerful.

Mr. Price Thomas, though constantly in attendance on the King, also visits his other patients and carries on his other medical work.

To guard against draughts from the chill of the autumn air, the Queen had the double windows of Buckingham Palace banded with lead.

Enormous batches of gifts of flowers arrive at the Palace daily for the King. Few of them are even removed from their wrappings.

The Queen instructed that they be sent straight to a hospital after a member of the Royal Family has thanked the senders.

Flowers come from State officials, from societies and institutions, and from members of the family and close friends.

There was a touching scene one day when a small girl pressed a bunch of violets into a police inspector's hands at the Palace gates.

No matter how rapidly the King may recover, the severity of his operation will make it impossible for him to perform most of his duties of office.

Under the provisions of the Regency Act of 1937 a Council of State has been set up.

This comprises the Queen, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Princess Royal. As well as the Queen's signature, only two others of these are necessary on State documents.



CROWDS OF ANXIOUS LONDONERS wait outside the gates of Buckingham Palace for news of progress in the King's fight for health, which is to be posted on the iron railings.


Clarks Skyline



THE FASHION SHOES

IN A CHOICE OF WIDTHS

This is the shoe that fashionable women rave about —the high-fashion court with the deep "shell" cut. On every formal occasion "Rochelle" has the last word. It's a Clarks "Skyline" *in a full choice of width fittings.*

* * *

MADE BY *C. & J. Clark Ltd. (wholesale only), Street, Somerset, England.*
LONDON OFFICE: *Mitre House, 177 Regent Street, W.1.*
TRADE ENQUIRIES TO: *Clarks Australia Ltd., 109 Gray Street, Adelaide.*





National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389558

Rosy Hogales

# THE SU

**A leading choice for spring-into-sum new, often with a bias cut, the ense can be worn two ways. The jacka**

These models all remain faithful to t pencil-slim skirt line and unite simplicity of design with interesting color. Most liked materials are shantung, linen, and pique. Jackets may swing free, be snugly fitted or belted according to type.



● A sheath of pink shantung, above, has a casually draped printed scarf. For street wear the scarf is discarded for a matching belted jacket styled with sleeves below-elbow. Mad Carpentier model.



● Balenciaga allies white pique and emerald-green nylon, left. The shawl stole looks equally attractive worn with the suit or the topless dress.



● Caramel-brown, a new color revival, is used by Balenciaga for his suit frock, above. The bodice top and belted jacket with its below-elbow cuffed sleeves both button on the bias.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389559

Paris Notes

# T FROCK

mer fashion is the suit frock. Chic and
e consists of two or three pieces which
ansforms the frock into a smart suit.



● Lanvin designed the dress and jacket, above left, made in printed surah, accented with black velvet. Note new collar line cut well away from the throat.



● Coolie coat in stark-white linen, above right, is worn over a striped halter-neck bodice and pencil-slim skirt. Balenciaga model.



● Dior drapes the bodice of his three-piece ensemble, above right, and covers it with a matching belted jacket. The jacket is cut low in front to show the soft bodice drapery.

Dorothea Johnston



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389560

*Light as a flutter of butterfly wings...*



It's sheer enchantment, this Face Powder by Lournay! So exquisitely fine it clings hour after hour, with fragrant flattery. What could be more enhancing to any girl than—

THE BUTTERFLY TOUCH OF

**Lournay FACE POWDER**



*Dawn Pink*
*Frangipani*
*Magnolia*
*Peachbloom*
*Goldenglow*
*Roseglow*
*Forbidden Fruit*
*Sunkissed*
*Gipsytan*

FACE POWDER, LIQUID POWDER BASE,

GUILD CHEMIST

Lournay Beauty Preparations are recommended by Guild Chemists throughout Australia. *Also featured by Cosmetic Sections of leading Department Stores.*





NEW & IMPROVED

**MUM**

**DEODORANT**

*keeps you nice to be near!*

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS M.9-9





# As I read the Stars

By EVE HILLIARD

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): Keep a close watch on your temper. Detour if you see a dust-up with friend husband approaching on October 11. Success for all partnerships, business, sporting, or social, on October 12.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20): If you feel like letting off steam on October 11, you'll pay high for the privilege. Better think twice and reserve your fire until October 14.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): The mercury in the Gemini thermometer is going up, lifting Gemini hopes sky-high on October 10. You can't go wrong, so full speed ahead. Don't worry if October 15 brings a slight let-down.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): House-hunting members of the Cancer tribe may hear good news on October 10. Young Cancers may be on the brink of a love affair, and older folk may find October 14 best for short journeys.

**LEO** (July 23 - August 22): If October 10 doesn't drop a gift into your lap, shake the tree and your windfall will duly plop in front of you. This week favors a bonus. On October 15 play safe and postpone decisions.

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 23): Travel arrangements made on October 10 are tops. News on October 12 may help any plans along. If the 13th is dark and cloudy, the storm should soon blow over, leaving a rainbow.

**LIBRA** (September 24-October 23): Fate, in the form of Saturn, is knocking at your door. Any decision you make now will have important, far-reaching results. October 14 is adverse.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-November 22): If your ideas arouse opposition on October 11 you may find it advisable to soft-pedal arguments and attack again on the 12th, when there are greater prospects of victory. Try to be generous.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 20): Although you may be obliged to fight for what you want during most of the week, October 14 should see you satisfied with your progress.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-January 19): Personal and business affairs should flourish very soon, and any agreement concluded should be profitable.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 19): Some Aquarians are longing for a change, without being quite clear about the form it should take. An inspiration on October 12 may be helpful,

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): October 10 should give your spirits a lift with an unexpected gift, invitation, or outing. The week-end may prove disappointing.

**[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]**

## OUR GARDENING SERVICE

**READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.**

**Any ONE of the following may be selected:**

- **Pest Control at a Glance.**
- **Growing Vegetables for the Home.**
- **Disease Control in the Garden.**
- **How to Grow Good Chrysanthemums.**

*Name of leaflet (one only)* .....

.....

***Stamped (3½d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.***

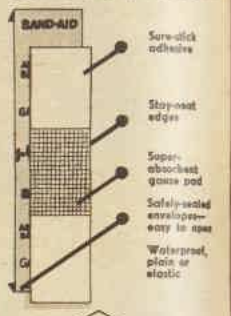

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



**Never neglect a cut!**



The smallest injury can become infected, so never take a chance! Stick on a BAND-AID Adhesive Bandage for all this protection:







In packets of 12 and 24. Also the new FAMILY ECONOMY PACK OF 50.

Johnson & Johnson PTY. LTD. SYDNEY

World's largest manufacturers of surgical dressings 1951



**SPOTS AND PIMPLES?**

*The famous Emerson said:*

*"All beauty must be organic; it must come from within; all external embellishment represents a species of deformity".*

Your skin often acts as a tell-tale of poor health—generally a sign of B1 and B2 vitamin deficiency.

Yeaston, a pure active yeast, is one of the richest known forms of vitamins B1 and B2. Two or three concentrated Yeaston tablets taken regularly will soon repair your diet. With your system right again your health will be mirrored by a clear skin and radiant eyes.

*Pure active yeast in concentrated tablet form.*




YEASTON PLAIN

In bottles of 36 and 100





National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389561



## TOOTAL RAYONS
## *tailor superbly*

On the left our artist shows a suggestion for a two-piece in LYSTAV—on the right a frock in LOMBIA. Both these lovely fabrics from the rayon section of the TOOTAL range are washable and carry the TOOTAL guarantee. LYSTAV comes in glowing prints as well as plain shades and LOMBIA is showing in some wonderful checked and striped colour woven styles.

Whether you go by air, rail or road—you'll always feel well-groomed in TOOTAL rayons marked TEBILIZED for tested crease-resistance.

THE TOOTAL GUARANTEE

Like all TOOTAL products these rayons carry the famous TOOTAL Guarantee, which says . . . "should dissatisfaction arise through any defect whatsoever in the material Tootals will replace it or refund the price and pay the cost incurred in making-up".

# TOOTAL
REGD
## GUARANTEED FABRICS

*The word TOOTAL and other brand names mentioned are Registered Trade Marks.*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389562

"You're adorable!"

"I'm a LUX GIRL"

says Ruth Roman



Ruth Roman as she co-stars with Gary Cooper in Warner Bros. epic of the Texas cattle lands, "Dallas"

Being on location in hot Texan cattle areas can be very severe on fine complexions, but not so for Ruth Roman's. Wherever she may be, Ruth Roman never neglects her daily-active lather facials with pure, white Lux Toilet Soap. Says Ruth, "It's wonderful the way that active lather leaves the skin softer, smoother, really makes skin lovelier."




9 out of every 10 film stars use Lux Toilet Soap

for elegant

Gloves



MORLEY gloves are favourites with well-dressed women all over the world. Fine quality materials, superb stitching and correct cut. Morley gloves include a wide range of lengths and styles to suit all occasions. So, for the finest in gloves

Always look for the name

MORLEY

MORLEY KNITWEAR, GLOVES AND STOCKINGS MADE IN ENGLAND BY I. & R. MORLEY LTD. Trade Enquiries to: C. J. Gerrard, 67 York Street, Sydney—H. T. Wakeford, 232 Flinders Lane, Melbourne—E. A. Dalby, King House, Queen Street, Brisbane.

DAWN saw a flash of Peg's new red wool jacket approaching up the rise of the drive. Both Teddy and Bob were silent as Peg climbed into the car.

"Gosh, this is fun. Move over, Teddy Banks, and let your neighbors in. We always seem to end up in your kitchen or watching your television." Peg had made conversation for three solid hours this afternoon and she was still going strong. "I wish you'd come over to our house sometimes, though, so we could reciprocate."

"We've got young fry to tuck into bed." For a second Bob's eyes were on Dawn's rigid profile. He stopped the car outside the garage. "Besides, Peg, your house makes us uncomfortable. It's finished. Everything's in the right place, and orderly."

"That's silly." Peg was laughing, her head tipped back. She was showered and brushed and pretty. Peg lived in a finished, orderly house, and she hadn't had to drive in to meet a train.

Dawn opened the door and saw the bareness of her kitchen—bare walls that could be attractive and cosy and beckoning—and the ache throbbed all through her, because if they kept on running a free bar for the neighbors they were never going to be able to afford any of the thousand little finishing details the house needed to make it a home.

"Teddy's ensconsed before his puppet show," Bob announced, returning from the living-room. "I rescued the wallpaper for you, Dawn," he told her, and the warmth of his eyes didn't help.

"For me?" One of her eyebrows felt as though it was crawling up too high. She forced an erasing smile to her mouth. "For us, friend. Did you see the torn strip?"

He nodded without comment. He said, "Now for a nice relaxing drink. We're not beautiful in here yet, but we're cosy. Even if you don't approve of the dark green we slapped on our cabinets." He grinned at Colin.

"I'm getting used to it," Colin said. "It'll be all right with those red apples against dead white. But I still think you'll make a big mistake if you wallpaper around your stove. No matter how careful a woman is when she's cooking, you'll have grease spatters."

"I don't want it painted, Colin." This is my house, Dawn stormed silently. You and Peg give a lot of advice while you sit here taking time that doesn't belong to you and having drinks that ought to be saved for another evening.

"——and Colin, it's true that if Dawn keeps a good coat of wax on there, grease will wash off." Peg's voice rattled on and on. "That stuff we used just wasn't worth a darn."

"Apparently I should learn to keep my big foot out of my mouth," Colin said wryly. He kept looking from his wife to Bob. "Well, here's mud in your eye, and I still think you ought to go take a look at those carriage lamps I told you about."

Dawn straightened and turned slowly to face Colin. "We're poor folks yet. Anyway, why bother with a carriage lamp when we can light the way to our door with drinks?"

It was said. The silence and Bob's shocked gaze on her were proof enough that she had said it at last. Her eyes fell away from Bob's to her glass on the counter. She hated rudeness, and she had been rude. Frantically she opened the refrigerator door and fumbled inside.

"What's that, Dawn?" Peg's expression hadn't changed.

"It's just a casserole. Lamb stew with carrots and parsley, and a little of this and that thrown in." It was a relief to be able to talk. She couldn't take back what she had said, but perhaps the Caldwells hadn't caught it. It hadn't sunk in . . .

"Everything you cook smells and looks delish," Peg said, her eyes admiring the dish going in the oven. Bob was pouring another round. Colin was starting to speak again. The moment of strain was going.

"Well, Bob. You've got Teddy to feed, and Peg's got to feed me, and I want to hit the hay early. Drink up, woman," he addressed Peg. "I hope there's meat and potatoes at home. I haven't had anything since breakfast."

Dawn was able to laugh. Suddenly everything seemed

*"Smells are surer than sounds or sights*
*To make your heart-strings crack."*
—Rudyard Kipling.

funny, so funny that you swallowed the lump in your throat and forgot your bare kitchen walls and a day of no accomplishment. The thing to do was to relax, and insist that the Caldwells stay for the meat and potatoes in the casserole, stay for the whole evening . . .

. . . . .

Hours later Bob asked: "What's this junk doing here?" pointing to the assortment of unironed laundry piled on the bed. He eyed Dawn patiently, waiting, rubbing his hands through his curly hair as he always did when he was overtired. "I began to wonder if they were ever going home—you and Peg kept talking. She has such a terrific personality, though, it's no wonder she and Colin are so popular around here. He's a likeable cuss, isn't he?"

"Darling, where do I put this stuff?" He stood in his pyjamas and old flannel dressing-gown, staring inadequately at the heap. "Dawn, are you mad at me? I've thought so on and off all evening."

Dawn swung past him and swooped up the laundry. She clutched it in both arms and stared at him, and the heaviness inside her returned full force. "I'll ask you a question—two for the record. When are we going to wallpaper the kitchen and where are we going to dig up another bottle of liquor for Wednesday night?"

"Don't ask me. Two o'clock in the morning is too late for an inquiry. That whisky gave me a headache. How much did we pay for that poison?"

"It isn't paid for." She had a headache, too, but it wasn't from the drinks. It was from her overwhelming resentment against the wasted day, against their neighbors up the road and her own false enjoyment of an evening forced upon her. Suddenly she gave the armload of unfinished work—her work—an outraged toss to the foot of the bed.

"I'm turning down the spread." Bob's voice was trying to hold steadily to control.

"It's a lesson." She loved him terribly, but this tightness and hot resentment wouldn't be pushed away.

"That's what you do to us, to me and this house, Bob. You promised me we'd get at the kitchen to-night, and then you invite them in. Now you're trying to turn the spread down and you can't. The laundry's in the way. It's stymieing you the way you do me and our house when you—"

He studied her white face. "Dawn, what's come over you? A house is the place to have people you like — people who like you. That crack you made to-night was hitting below the belt."

"They didn't get it. They didn't want to."

Bob was looking at her the way he had looked at her in the kitchen earlier—as though she were not a person he knew and loved and liked, but someone he was seeing for the first time and not liking.

"Dawn, you aren't the only one who wants to make our house more of a real home, but there seems to be a difference of opinion about what constitutes a real home."

He moved the clothes from the bed to the chair and folded down the spread, the blankets, the top sheet. He looked up at her from the pillow in a way that had the same startling effect as if he were throwing a glass of cold water in her face.

He looked tired, and for the first time in seven years of marriage the wonderful merry spark was gone from his dark eyes. The feeling spread through Dawn that some light between them had been turned out and she must find a way to turn it on again at once.

"I'm all ears," she said, and her voice was harsh, not at all the way she wanted it to be. "I'm interested in hearing you qualify what you just said."

He kept looking at her. "I don't understand you when you're like this—condemning the Caldwells for liking us and our brand of hospitality. Our walls don't have to have paper on them to make them our walls . . . But we're both too tired to discuss it now. Jump into bed and to-morrow—"

"There's no to-morrow for me about this," she broke in grimly. "You're missing the point, going off on a tangent to make me feel wrong, and I'm not wrong. Any woman wants her house attractive and in a state of completion. I'm sick of unfinished work. You can think about it—I'm going into our half-tiled bathroom to clean my teeth. At least I can finish getting ready for bed!"

*Please turn to page 33*

# Love Thy Neighbor

*Continued from page 13*

BEAUTY IDEA

Thousands of women find this simple beauty idea leads to smoother, lovelier, clearer-looking complexions . . . softer, smoother, younger-looking hands . . . glorious, soothing relief for weather roughened skin.

You don't need a lot of preparation to keep your skin fresh, smooth, vital and young-looking. Use Herco Olive Oil Skin Lotion regularly and sparingly. You'll be delighted to find how rapidly Herco helps smooth and soften a rough, dry skin, and restores that natural beauty.

SOFT HANDS

Herco softens hands that are red and rough from housework, or exposure to weather. It is readily absorbed into the skin, where the Olive Oil and Lanolin are of greatest benefit.






Lank, straggly ends spoilt her looks . . .



till she permed them with a

Crest

HOME PERMANENT

Junior Kit

You, too, can have soft, natural-looking end-curls, fringe-curls or a half-head perm with a Crest Junior Kit.

COMPLETE WITH CURLERS Only 8/3

C.1a.W.71g



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389563

FIFTEEN minutes later Dawn asked, "Are you ready to have the light out?" She stood in the doorway in her blue flannel nightgown that was overwashed and faded, and no enchanting vision to a husband you loved and wanted to make up with. She looked towards the bed with swollen red eyes, waiting, sorry to the softened core of her resentment.

Then incredulity routed the tenderness. He was sound asleep, and it was the first time in seven years that he hadn't stayed awake long enough to listen to what she had to say, to kiss her goodnight and tell her he loved her.

The scalding tears were rushing back. This was unfair—more unfinished business. Dawn lay on the far side of the bed and stared at the ceiling. She knew now they had been crazy to buy this place and try to build on a shoestring. She hated the house, its gluttony for their time and labor. The sight of a paintbrush sickened her, and she didn't like inconsiderate people either.

Peg and Colin were inconsiderate. You couldn't even insult them. Fie on love and marriage, owning a home, neighbors, she thought bitterly.

. . . . .

"No, thanks," Bob said from the breakfast table when she offered him an egg. "I'm sorry I dropped off to sleep last night. But I couldn't see the use of trying to discuss the thing if we couldn't reach any agreement."

He turned his cup back and forth slowly. "Peg and Colin like us. All I can do is rest on that statement and let you think about it. I like us to be liked."

"I told you, that's not the point." Teddy was still asleep upstairs so she could say it all. "I still think we're easy marks and our friends up the road are out and out spongers. What's more, they don't have the sense to take a hint."

"Colin felt that hint. He felt pretty bad about it or he wouldn't have said that thing when they were leaving, something about love thy neighbor."

"Bosh," Dawn said. In some way she couldn't understand, she was betraying herself, not choosing her words right, saying small things about a big matter. She wanted to run to Bob and put her arms around him and forget the whole thing.

And yet she was glaring at him—because this argument was one thing that had to be finished. That was it. "You can entertain them to-night—just ask them to bring their own refreshments—but I'm going to wallpaper this room."

Bob was getting to his feet. He wasn't going to drink his coffee. His face was white, set hard against her, not like Bob's face at all.

"I'll walk down to the bus. It will get me to the train on time and you won't have to wake Teddy. I've been under the impression that you were happy. Since wallpaper seems to be your one-word definition of owning a house, I'll try to get it up to-night. But I'll be late. So long."

Her eyes closed tightly to squeeze back the tears. Wallpaper wasn't her definition of the meaning of owning this land, this house. All she wanted in life was to make

# Love Thy Neighbor

*Continued from page 32*

Bob and Teddy happy. She would make any sacrifice for this.

Teddy was up, stirring around. She called to him to put on his slippers and dressing-gown, and went into the kitchen to fix his breakfast.

It was noon when she passed the mirror in the hall and stopped and studied herself.

Bob wanted her to look her best; he always had and he always would. He hadn't asked her to put the house first and forgo reasonable expenditure on herself—and when a haircut could stimulate her just thinking about it.

She made a face at herself in the mirror and felt better than she had in weeks now that she had decided to sacrifice sacrifice. But there was one thing she wouldn't give up—one thing that was her prerogative.

She would have this thing out with Peg, even if she had to say, "Peg, I'm going to have to give you a parking ticket." Time in a woman's house was her own; and no matter how much she loved her neighbor, that neighbor didn't have the right to invade and disrupt.

But would Peg understand? Or would she be hurt and resentful so that finally Bob's and Colin's friendship would taper off because their wives couldn't get along? She decided to take the chance.

DAWN was smiling when Teddy came in for lunch. She said, "You and I are blowing ourselves to a movie this afternoon, Teddy, light of my life. We're christening a new regime."

The Cummings' would have sherry before dinner on Wednesday night and minced meat instead of chicken and mushrooms in their spaghetti. Jack Cummings was Bob's boss, and he liked Bob for himself. The way Colin does, she thought.

"We're going out to a show," she told Peg over the phone. "So if you were thinking of coming over . . ."

"The movies?" Peg repeated. "You mean for once you're thumbing your nose at work?"

"For once. And I'm getting beautified," Dawn said. She had the feeling she was hitting a level keel with Peg for the first time in their acquaintanceship. "I can't talk. I have a one o'clock appointment at the beauty shop and have to scramble. But I'll be seeing you." She hung up.

Rain was falling when they came out of the theatre. She had to brake the car to a crawl over the slippery roads.

"Dad's home!" Teddy yelled happily as they pulled into the drive. "The lights are on in the kitchen—he's probably feeding Rocky."

It wasn't Bob in the kitchen. Dawn stopped short in the doorway and gazed up at the ladder, at the person in blue jeans and a paint-spattered red jersey who was staring down at her. It was Peg, holding a strip of paste-dampened wallpaper on her upturned palms.

"Are we interrupting?" Dawn said. There was an unsteadiness in her voice but she didn't even try to control it. She wanted the good feel of the smile trembling all over her face and the sudden moisture in her eyes.

"You should know," Peg was smiling too. "I was scared to death you'd be indignant and see this as more nerve on my part. You weren't very careful locking the kitchen window so I was able to get in. I know how to cut and match and hang this stuff through long experience. But I could have given you a punch in the nose last night, except that when I like somebody I like 'em."

Peg paused, making a point of contact between paper and wall and then turned back to Dawn. "You might call this an honest attempt to mend a breach that kept Colin drinking coffee half the night and lecturing to me about how to get along with people we like a lot and whose friendship we value—by staying home now and then."

"Let's call it a very honest attempt, Peg."

"I brought over some saveloys and buns. Colin won't be home until late, either. I wish it was steak and champagne."

"I like saveloys and buns better," Dawn told her. "I want to cry, Peg. That's the most beautiful job of hanging a strip of wallpaper I've ever seen."

"Oh, I'm good." Peg winked an eye that looked slightly emotional and very happy.

"I'm slow on the start, especially with this kind of work, but once I've begun there's no stopping me. I'm going to ask you a personal question. Did you and Bob fall out as badly about us as Colin and I did about you?"

"I think it's safe to say yes," Dawn said, and they both laughed. "I did most of the falling out, however."

"Colin and I kissed and made up over the phone. He said he walked to the bus with Bob and Bob looked as if a pretty perfect union was on the rocks."

Dawn was still looking up at Peg, still groping for the words that would tell Peg how she felt. "When I like people, I really like them, too," she began. And maybe that was all she would have to say right now. After all, with good friends words weren't always necessary.

She and Peg might not be able to finish the kitchen to-night. Bob might not be home in time to help them, but something more important had been accomplished.

The lone strip of paper that Peg had hung was a sort of permanent seal and signature of a neighbor's good heart, a sign that the hard test of friendship had been passed. Just as the work she and Bob had done on the house was dearer to them than all the fine, expensive carpentry, so Peg's strip of paper made the kitchen a warmer, friendlier room.

"When I like people, I really like them," she said again. She'd tell that to Bob, too. She'd tell him that her definition of home-owning was the same as his, that finishing the house was important, but finishing off all the rough edges in a marriage—that was imperative. It would always come first.

(Copyright)

# DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

**● A short-cut, no-sleeve beach coat made in stark white is fashion news for the beach. It answers the problem of a reader.**

**"WOULD you please design me a snappy beach-coat and suggest color and material? I am 18 years old, with an average figure and good legs."**

Stark white terry towelling or pique looks wonderful in the sun and simplifies the laundering (either will boil and come up fresh and white). The design illustrated is cut to below thigh-length, has a coolie collar, and no sleeves. Terry cloth is obtainable in 18in. and 36in. widths, and pique in 36in. width. To make the coat you will require approximately 2¾yds. 36in. material or 5¼yds. 18in. material.



*NO-SLEEVE BEACH COAT in white terry towelling is both practical and smart.*

## Evening styles

**"HAS the floor-length evening gown gone out of fashion? I would like to know the most popular colors and if a wide or narrow skirt is worn."**

Long skirts and low decolletage are the correct evening fashion for a formal ball gown, although a day-length evening dress is big fashion for less formal occasions. Full skirts are general, but actually slim ones are newer looking. The latter nearly always have a loose panel or sash draping of some sort to amplify the line. White is the big evening color, yellow is new, and lilac and lilac-pinks are still being worn.

## Summer suit

**"WOULD it be correct to have my tailored summer suit made with a full skirt? I feel for hot weather any tightness is inclined to get uncomfortable."**

By all means have a full skirt. The fullness shaped to fall below the hips will look best for a tailored suit.

*● If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.*

## Slim swimsuit

**"MY bust measurement is 40in., and try as I may I am not able to buy a swimsuit that is slimming and flattering. Do you think it would be suitable to have one made in some sort of dress material?"**

Have your swimsuit made to measure in a dark cotton print lined with calico or any strong cotton. I suggest a tailored bodice-top with scoop neckline back and front, string shoulder-straps, and a short, gored skirt. An alternative idea is a suit on princess lines, finished with a V-neckline and wide straps. Actually this would be as slimming as a well-cut dress. Whichever design you decide to follow, a matching stole lined with white terry towelling would look attractive as a cover-up.

## Versatile frock

**"WOULD it be possible to have a formal wedding frock that could later be converted into a dress suitable to wear to the local dance club?"**

Yes, it would! One way is to have a wedding gown with a strapless bodice-top and matching bust-length bolero, designed with long sleeves. The bolero converts the dress into a formal wedding gown. Minus the bolero and with the skirt cut to ballerina length, the dress is suitable for a dance frock.

Another suggestion is a full-length, full-skirted filmy gown with a simple, classic top. The dress becomes informal by cutting the skirt to just above the ankle.

A third idea is the floor-length dress with a three-tiered skirt. The removal of the last tier converts the dress into a design suitable for informal dancing.

## Beige with black

**"WHAT pastel shade do you advise me to wear with all-black accessories, including a black hat?"**

A new pale beige shade called raccoon looks wonderful worn with all-black accessories.




**"COLLETTE."** — Attractive housegown obtainable in printed haircord.
Color choice includes yellow, apricot, dark green, and mauve; blue, dark green, white, and beige; pink, dark green, blue, and red; mauve, blue, pink, and yellow; all printed on a white ground.
**Ready to Wear:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 79/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 82/3.
**Cut Out Only:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 69/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 63/6. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

**"SANDRA".**—Cool one-piece for summer is obtainable in printed haircord.
Color range includes dark green and white, red and white, saxe-blue and white, and nigger-brown and white.
**Ready to Wear:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 59/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 62/3.
**Cut Out Only:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 43/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 44/9. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

*● NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Fashion Frocks are sent by registered post. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 31.*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389564

Only Three Flowers Face Powder has TOP-TONE Shade Control

# For a clearer *more youthful* complexion



***Exclusive! Exciting!*** **Prevents powder from streaking, caking, changing colour**

Only "Three Flowers" brings you this amazing advance in face powder formulation—the exclusive Top-Tone Shade Control, devised by Richard Hudnut to guard your loveliness.

Make-up and repowdering worries now become a thing of the past. Finer textured "Three Flowers" Face Powder gives you for hours, a clinging film of loveliness that covers tiny skin flaws, glorifies your own complexion tonings.

Be confident in the knowledge that never before has your complexion been so glowingly alive, so soft, so delightfully smooth with a radiance that is the essence of youth itself.

Make your choice from the seven fashion-perfect shades, specially created by Richard Hudnut, and enjoy the complexion flattery of "Three Flowers" Face Powder today.

## three flowers

**FACE POWDER**

Creation of Richard Hudnut

NEW YORK LONDON PARIS SYDNEY




*Ask for it at your chemist or store in this GAY box*

***Companions in Glamour.*** Accent your beauty with "Three Flowers" Perfume, Lipstick, Rouge, Creams, Talc, Brilliantine



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389565

...dream girl, dream girl,
Beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl
...hair that gleams and glistens
From a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!..Show him how much lovelier your hair can look.. after a Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Tonight he can SEE your hair sparkling with unexpected sheen... FEEL your hair caressably soft and silky . . . if you use LUSTRE-CREME to-day. Only Lustre-Creme brings you Kay Daumit's magic formula for glamorizing hair as you wash it. A blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin. Lustre-Creme gives "loveliness lather" even in the hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean and free of loose dandruff; gives new, shimmering beauty to all "hair-dos" or permanents. Beauty-wise American women have made LUSTRE-CREME America's favourite cream shampoo. Try it! You'll love the lovely results.

Not a Soap!
Not a liquid!
But Kay Daumit's rich Lathering Cream Shampoo with Lanolin




In a tube for your convenience

LC12/160A

## CITY FILM GUIDE

CAPITOL.—"Between Midnight and Dawn," police drama starring Edmund O'Brien, Mark Stevens, Gale Storm. Plus "Home in San Antone."
CENTURY.—★★ "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain," period romance starring Susan Hayward, William Lundigan. Plus "Campus Honeymoon."
CIVIC.—"A Guy Who Came Back," football drama starring Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell, Joan Bennett. Plus "Return of Jesse James" starring John Ireland.
EMBASSY.—★★ "Of Men and Music," documentary style musical featuring four classical musicians and their music. Plus "The Late Edwina Black" starring David Farrar, Geraldine Fitzgerald.
ESQUIRE.—★★ "The House on Telegraph Hill," murder mystery starring Richard Baschart, Valentina Cortesa. Plus "Arson Inc."
LIBERTY.—★★ "The Great Caruso," technicolor drama based on life of Enrico Caruso starring Mario Lanza, Ann Blyth. Plus featurettes.
LYCEUM.—"Desert Hawk," technicolor Oriental adventure starring Yvonne de Carlo, Richard Greene. Plus "Target Unknown" starring Mark Stevens.
LYRIC.—"Phantom of the Opera," mystery-musical starring Claude Rains, Nelson Eddy, Susanna Foster. Plus "Danger Woman" starring Don Taylor, Brenda Joyce.
MAYFAIR.—★★ "Follow the Sun," sporting drama based on the life story of golfer Ben Hogan starring Glenn Ford, Anne Baxter. (See review below.) Plus "Radar Secret Service."
PARK.—★ "Call Me Mister," technicolor wartime musical starring Betty Grable, Dan Dailey. Plus "Insurance Investigator" starring Richard Denning.
PLAZA.—★ "Caged," drama of women's prison, starring Eleanor Parker, Agnes Moorhead. Plus "Bandit Queen" starring Barbara Britten, Willard Parker.
PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Dear Brat," family comedy starring Mona Freeman, Billy de Wolfe, Lyle Bettger. Plus "High Venture" starring John Payne.
REGENT.—★ "The Flame and the Arrow," technicolor period adventure starring Burt Lancaster, Virginia Mayo. Plus "Three Husbands," comedy starring Ruth Warrick, Emlyn Williams.
SAVOY.—★★ "Kon-Tiki," documentary film on actual Pacific expedition. Plus "If You knew Susie," starring Eddie Cantor.
ST. JAMES.—★ "Go for Broke," battlefield adventure starring Van Johnson. Plus "Painted Hills," outdoor film in technicolor starring Lassie.
STATE.—★★ "Up Front," wartime comedy starring David Wayne, Tom Ewell. (See review this page.) Plus "Katie Did It," romantic comedy starring Ann Blyth, Mark Stevens.
VARIETY.—"The Razor's Edge," dramatic filmisation of Somerset Maugham's novel starring Tyrone Power, Gene Tierney, Anne Baxter.
VICTORY.—★"Tomahawk," technicolor pioneering adventure starring Van Heflin, Yvonne de Carlo, Preston Foster. Plus "Hollywood Story," mystery starring Richard Conte.

Shut your eyes,





open your mouth

. . . And see what "Snack" will bring your "SWEET TOOTH"



"Snack" – the only chocolate block with these 4 luscious centres . . .




CREAM CARAMEL
STRAWBERRY CREAM
TURKISH DELIGHT
FRUIT SUNDAE

A delicious assortment of 12 fine-quality chocolates in each ¼-lb. block.

Made by MacRobertson

The Great Name in Confectionery

MS12

"Snack" is also available in the handy 2-oz. size

# Talking of Films

*By M. J. McMAHON*

### ★★ Follow the Sun

EVENTS in the life of American professional golf champion Ben Hogan form the plot of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Follow the Sun." In it the royal and ancient game is subservient to a theme in which essential nobility of character is stressed.

How apocryphal these disclosures are is anyone's guess. Dour, Texas-born Hogan, who earned the name "mechanical man" around the fairways among fellow players and audiences, served as special technical consultant on the production.

Good casting puts Glenn Ford, an aloof personality in his own right, before the cameras as Hogan. He gives an excellent performance.

Story narration is by charming Anne Baxter as Mrs. Val Hogan, and Dennis O'Keefe puts in a lot of work as life-of-the-party pro. golfer Chuck Thompson, whose marriage to June Havoc almost goes on the rocks.

Brief appearances by several international golfers and some wizard stroking add to the interest.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

### ★★ Up Front

AS G.I. slapstick, "Up Front" (Universal), which presents David Wayne and Tom Ewell as cartoonist Bill Mauldin's soldier characters Willie and Joe, is funny.

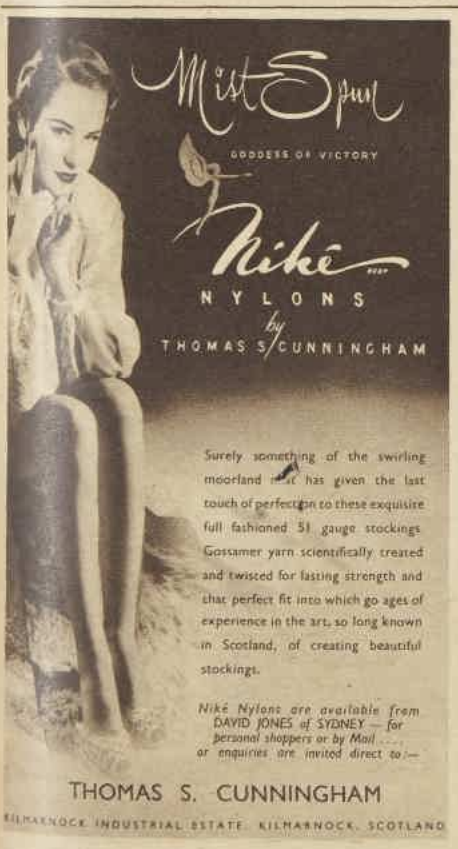
The film does not, however, capture Mauldin's philosophy or the essential spirit of his seasoned warriors.

We first meet Willie and Joe, appliqued with stubble and grime, at battle-stations in Italy. Shortly afterwards the picture contradicts its title and Naples becomes the background for their adventures.

Flouting authority is the favorite occupation of the pair, and it lands them in plenty of trouble with military police during the leave there, when they have only one pass between them.

Becoming tied up with an Italian family involved in blackmarket and bootlegging activities doesn't help Willie and Joe either. They get back to the comparative safety of the shooting war for the finale.

In Sydney—State.




Surely something of the swirling moorland mist has given the last touch of perfection to these exquisite full fashioned 51 gauge stockings. Gossamer yarn scientifically treated and twisted for lasting strength and that perfect fit into which go ages of experience in the art, so long known in Scotland, of creating beautiful stockings.

*Nike Nylons are available from DAVID JONES of SYDNEY — for personal shoppers or by Mail . . . . or enquiries are invited direct to:—*

THOMAS S. CUNNINGHAM

KILMARNOCK INDUSTRIAL ESTATE, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND




NEW . . . Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration 1 to 3 Days

1. Instantly stops perspiration, keeps armpits dry. Acts safely, as proved by leading doctors.
2. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts.
3. Removes odor from perspiration on contact in 2 seconds. Has antiseptic action.
4. Does not irritate skin. Can be used right after shaving.
5. A pure, white, stainless vanishing cream.



DON'T BE HALF-SAFE. BE ARRID-SAFE. USE ARRID—TO BE SURE!

ARRID

QUICKLY S...
BAT...
AR...
E...
IN...

ASK FOR Scour-tex POT SCOURER

LASTS FOR MONTHS
CLEANS ALL COOKING UTENSILS, STOVES, SI...
WON'T RUST OR STAIN
...EX MAKES WASHING UP EASIER



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389566




in Daintona

MERCERISED SUPER-HAIRCORD

Loveliest of fabrics for the lighter, softer dress, the smarter blouse—for delicate wear, day into night, "Daintona" is available in a wide range of colours from your local store.

Made in England by William Pickles Group MANCHESTER A WP PRODUCT

TRADE ENQUIRIES:
SYDNEY: F. G. Crocker, 89 York Street.
MELBOURNE: A. M. Murray, (Box No. 96a), Flinders Street.
BRISBANE: M. L. Jones, 149/51 Elizabeth Street.

"QUICK-EZE— only lasting relief from INDIGESTION!"



Mrs. G. Hannam, Wright Street, Adelaide, says:
"I would like to thank you on behalf of my married daughter and myself. My heartburn was most persistent and depressing till I found how quickly I could rid myself of it with your Quick-Eze.
"My daughter, an expectant mother, suffered dreadfully from flatulence and tried all sorts of powders and liquids, and the only real and lasting relief was from your antacid tablet. Quick-Eze."

In the Handiest of Packs.

ONLY 6D




THE PROVED ANTACID PRESCRIPTION FOR INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN, DYSPEPSIA, ACID STOMACH

Q4.42

QUICK-EZE for INDIGESTION!




1 **WOUNDED** during Tunisian campaign, arrogant Southerner Larry Nevins (Arthur Kennedy) fears, on the way home, that he will not regain sight. An army nurse tells him that specialists will probably be able to cure him.



2 **DESPERATE** when, after extensive tests, doctors tell him he will never see again, Larry attempts suicide. Amazed at cheerfulness of other patients, he makes no effort to accept tragedy.



3 **INSTRUCTOR** Corporal Flagg (John Hudson) begins to break down Larry's despondency by stressing that he is only one of hundreds and patiently showing him how blindness need not mean helplessness.



4 **FRIENDSHIP** of similarly afflicted veterans at hospital, particularly of Joe Morgan (James Edwards), whom he does not know is a negro, helps Larry. At U.S.O. bar he meets Judy Green (Peggy Dow).



5 **SYMPATHY** Judy feels for Larry turns to love. Unaware of this, he goes home to wealthy fiancee, who offers him security and reassurance.

# BRIGHT VICTORY

**BASED on "Lights Out," a recent novel by Baynard Kendrick, Universal's "Bright Victory" tells a dramatic story of the difficulties which blinded ex-servicemen face and pays tribute to the rehabilitation scheme which helps them back to normal life.**

**For realism, the film was photographed on location in an army hospital at Valley Forge, where many blinded veterans played their real-life roles before the cameras.**

**On the professional side, the film offers Arthur Kennedy in the central role his first starring vehicle.**



6 **GREETED** by his parents (Will Geer and Nana Bryant), Larry's first happiness gives way to uncertainty when his family and friends offer pity.



7 **DIFFICULT** decision that he must make new life for himself brings Larry's engagement to Chris Paterson (Julie Adams) to end. Heart-broken, she refuses to go north with him, and they part.



8 **OVERJOYED** when she hears of Larry's plans, Judy rushes to meet him at the station on his return and they decide to marry. Free now of former fears and prejudices, Larry intends to study law.

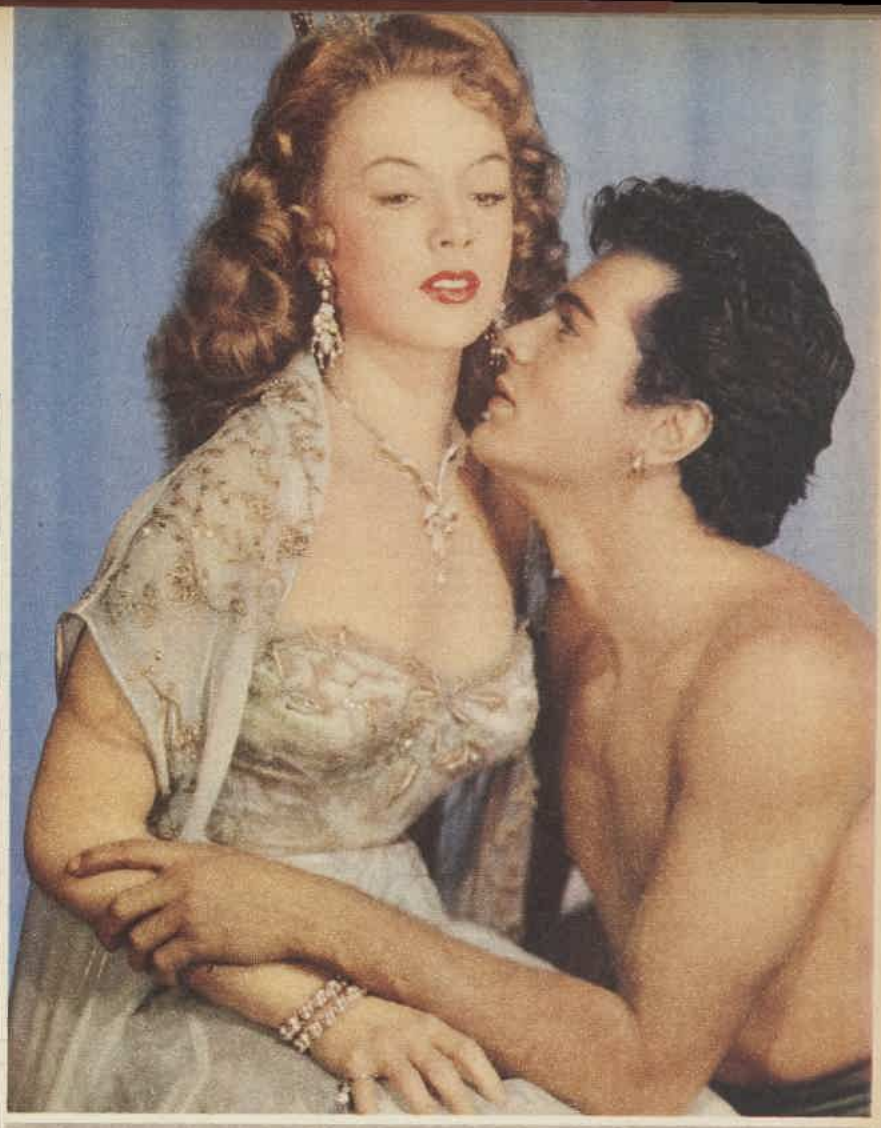


National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389567

# Colorful costume adventure

**● Audience tastes change from time to time, but cinema people believe that there is always room on the screen for swashbuckling adventure. Three spectacular Universal films on the way are "The Prince Who Was a Thief," "The Golden Horde," and "Mark of the Renegade."**

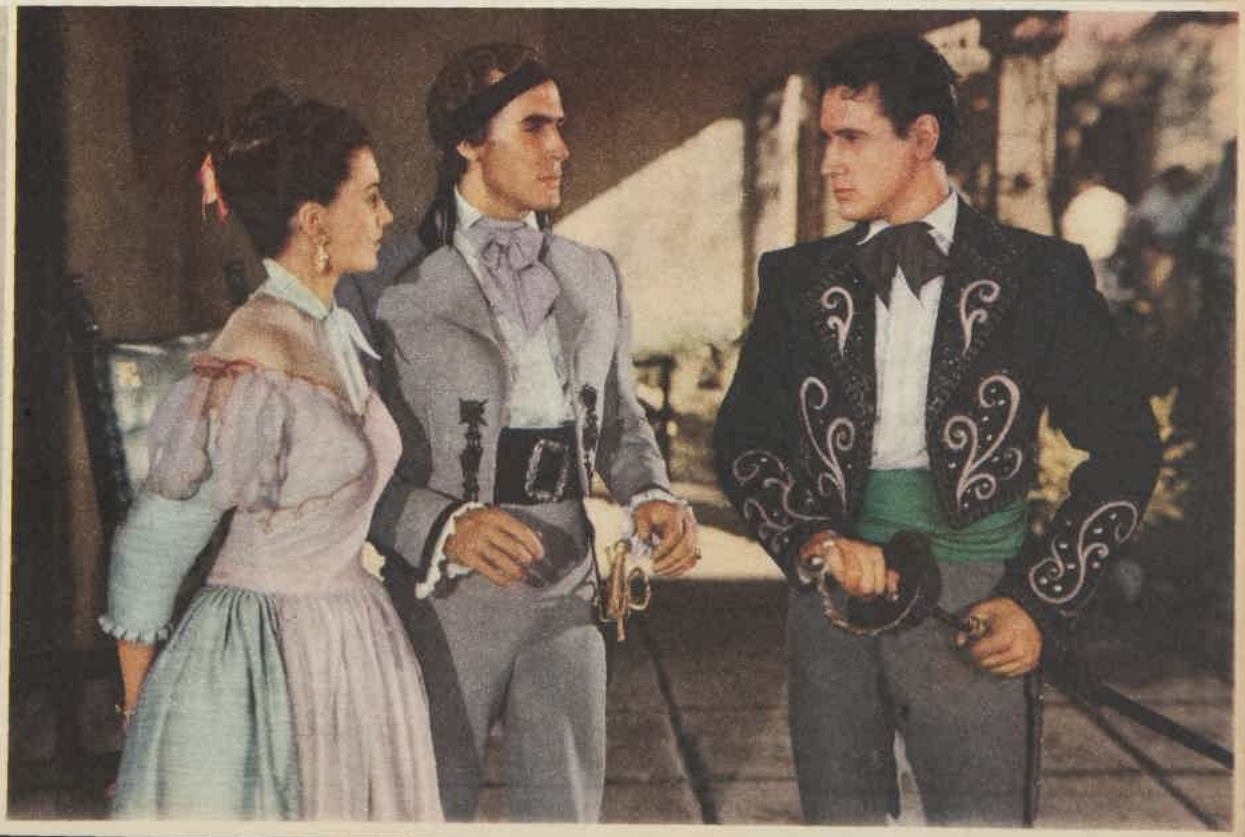




*"THE PRINCE WHO WAS A THIEF." One of Hollywood's brightest youngsters, Piper Laurie, plays the engaging wild-cat Tina in this Arabian Nights tale. In pensive mood (above), she appears with Tony Curtis as the young Arab thief, Julna, who is really the abducted prince. This story was written as an Oriental adventure for children.*

*"THE GOLDEN HORDE." David Farrar (above) as Sir Guy, leader of crusading Knights of the Cross, defends Samarkand against the hordes of Genghis Khan for Princess Shalimar (Ann Blyth).*

*"MARK OF THE RENEGADE." Cyd Charisse, Ricardo Montalban, and Armando Sylvester (right) fight for gold, glory, and romance on the outlaw coast of old California in this adventure thriller.*





National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389568

# Doctors and Nutrition Experts are watching

# HIDDEN HUNGER



They are saying —



**that although we are blessed with an abundance of food, "Hidden Hunger" is far more common than most people realise. They say also that you can satisfy your hunger by having three meals every day — and still not satisfy your body's needs. When we eat the wrong kind of foods, or not enough of the right kind, then we suffer from "Hidden Hunger" — and our system is hungry for certain essential food elements in our daily diet. This means that while we may not feel actually ill *we are never really well* — and seldom look our best.**

## Watch For These Signs of "HIDDEN HUNGER" in YOUR Family . . .



**YOUR CHILDREN**

Do they tend to tire easily? Do they lose weight — or find it difficult to gain? Do they lead other children, or just droop along in the background? These are symptoms of "Hidden Hunger" in children.

**YOUR HUSBAND**



Does he take medicines and tonics in an attempt to keep himself fit? Does he sleep badly and wake feeling tired? Does he suffer from "in between" health—never really ill but seldom really well? His trouble could easily be "Hidden Hunger."

**YOURSELF**



Do you wish you had more energy? Do you wake tired, feeling dull and listless . . . suffer from nervous exhaustion? Do you get nervy and irritable and realise that you seldom look your best these days? These, too, are symptoms of "Hidden Hunger".

**Horlicks guards against "HIDDEN HUNGER" because it induces sound sleep, and gives you balanced, easily-digested nourishment.**



You must have sound sleep to guard against the effects of "Hidden Hunger". A cup of hot Horlicks before bed soothes your nerves, relaxes your mind and off you go . . . to replace lost energy and wake refreshed.

***BALANCED* FOOD**

You must have nourishing food to guard against "Hidden Hunger", but with today's rising costs it is not always possible to have the kind of foods you want. That is why Horlicks is invaluable in your home. Made from full-cream milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat, Horlicks is a balanced, nourishing food. Taken between meals and just before bed at night Horlicks supplies those essential nutritional food elements your body needs every day to guard against "Hidden Hunger".




In ½-lb. and 1-lb. TINS

**HORLICKS**

**— guards against**

**HIDDEN HUNGER**

COPYRIGHT H51-2


# Views Of Sorrento

*Continued from page 8*

*WE sailed, blot, blot, blot, in a steamer and the sun shone and the sailor sang what do you think our song about the bewtiful ile of Capri. But that is on the way home and Auntie Lou has bort me a scarf for my birthday all stripes with red and green and purpel and gold colour and I tie it round my tummy for a sash like Shesserade in your dancing picture book.*

The last letter: then she must plunge into George's temper, and lead him out and soothe him with succulent roast chicken.

*Yesteday we went a ride in a carrage called a carrotsa. And the poney is gray with a pink feather and he goes jingle bells all the way. And we have a picnic at the giants castle which is ruins and I catch a little lizard with diamonds on his back but I let him go. We have strawberries and peeches every day, put on there leaves and not plates.*

Not plates. George came out of the playroom with a plate in each hand. What on earth was he doing? He whooped, he raised the plates and cavorted.

"Ta-ra-ree," roared George as he rotated. "Ta-ra-ree." He dropped a plate into the rookery. It broke. He began to rotate again, kicked a leg in the air, threw the other plate into the bushes and collapsed beside her on the plaid rug.

"Proserpina mia," he said, taking her hand, "there is no bread and butter in your playroom." He kissed her fingertips. "It's stuffed full of lobster, roast duckling, Stilton, oysters, and, because I happen to love them, pigs' trotters. It's not Hobson's choice, it's Winkleman's. He'll be down to-morrow."

Caroline began to cry. She pulled a red and white spotted handkerchief out of his pocket and wept joyfully and loudly into it. He knelt beside her.

"You are fragile and worn out," he announced. "I am going to look after you. I shall prepare the lunch. Those little hands shall have a rest."

He bobbed off like Pippa's green sausage-balloon towards the kitchen, leaving Caroline in the hammock, laughing feebly.

Pippa came back brown and gleaming. The apple blossom turned into crimson apples, and Tolson's Bond Street Gallery was filled to overflowing. George had sold his Academy pictures and put off his exhibition till the following spring. Wearing a neat brown suit, so that to Pippa he looked like a strange new uncle, he opened the Private View.

Caroline Morrow, he declared with pride, was indeed his star pupil. He was only twelve years her senior, but when he looked at this, her first exhibition, he felt quite shaken by the fresh, youthful clarity of vision which she had combined with a mature, masterly technique.

He tugged at his beard. He had so often been disappointed to see vision fade as technique advanced, he said. In Mrs. Morrow's work the vision was growing deeper, clearer.

Pippa clutched Caroline's hand and peered around. Was that supposed to be her, in a pink swimsuit with green stuff, astride the hull of a boat? And was that funny purple thing in a sort of emptiness like Uncle George's back yard, her faun? And if those were the orange trees, where was the pink house and the little white tables and chairs?

"Mummy," she whispered when George had finished and was receiving an ovation, "can I have a picture to put in my room?"

"Of course, darling," Caroline promised her, sniffing the rosebuds George had pinned on her green coat, for after all the whole thing was in a way Pippa's achievement. "Which would you like? Look at them all quickly before someone else picks the one you want."

Pippa screwed up her nose and looked.

"Well," she said, "they must be good, I suppose, 'cos everybody's buying them and sticking little red tiddly-winks on. But, Mummy, I don't think much of any of them!"

She stamped her new patent leather shoe fiercely. "That isn't what Sorrento's like at all. You've forgotten, I expect. Mummy, couldn't I have that lovely apple blossom picture you shoved away in the garage?"

(Copyright)

# The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

THE boys in the neighborhood were beginning to take their girlfriends to the movies. But not fourteen-year-old Oliver. His mother kept him so busy with music lessons and other worthwhile things that he had no time for girls.

Learning to enjoy the companionship of the opposite sex is one of the most important tasks for boys and girls in their early teens. Unless they can feel comfortable with one another, learn the social skills, and prove to themselves that they are liked and accepted, there is trouble ahead.

The reason for many an unhappy marriage, or no marriage at all, can be found in this age period. Nan Stover has no confidence that any man could see anything in her, and so runs away from social contact. Bill Dever is very uncertain of his acceptability to girls. He is over-anxious and awkward.

Lack of opportunity or failure to become acquainted with the opposite sex when youngsters start to be interested in one another accounts for a lot of the unhappiness and maladjustments of men and women in the world to-day.

**All characters in this feature are fictitious.**



*Don't let him be a wallflower.*


Next to yourself you'll love **Patolaine**

LINGERIE OF REFINEMENT



AT YOUR FAVOURITE STORE

WITH THE P.L.B. SHIELD GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

DISTRIBUTED AND GUARANTEED BY PATERSON, LAING & BRUCE LTD.






## Stiffness in joints and muscles

WHEN the body's self-cleansing process lags behind in its work, impurities are left in the system. These are so often the origin of many of those aches, pains and rheumaticky twinges that handicap both work and pleasure.

De Witt's Pills are specially compounded to assist the kidneys in their function of filtering waste matter and so cleansing the bloodstream of all impurities. It goes without saying that this process is as vital to the health of the body as correct bowel action.

Besides their properties as a diuretic, stimulating kidney action, De Witt's Pills also have a soothing and cleansing effect on the whole of the urinary channels. The name De Witt's has been a guarantee of purity in household medicine for more than fifty years. Get a supply of De Witt's Pills without delay. Obtainable everywhere. Prices 3/6 and 6/6.

*De Witt's*

PILLS

*can be used with every confidence*

**They are made specially to relieve Rheumatic Pains, Backache, Sciatica, Bladder Disorders and Lumbago**




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389569



*LIVING-ROOM: Tubular lighting, concealed beneath the valances, transforms the pale green curtains to a silver mist-grey at night. This subtle lighting is enhanced by the soft pink and blue glow from the bulbs beneath each lampshade. A recessed light in the mantelshelf reveals the reflected flower arrangement of the colorful room.*



*DINING-ROOM: The rich tone of the crushed-mulberry carpet of the living-room is repeated in the Elizabethan dining-room. Curtains form the wall between this area and the sun-verandah. The curtains are backed by a brighter green damask to match those of the sun-verandah.*

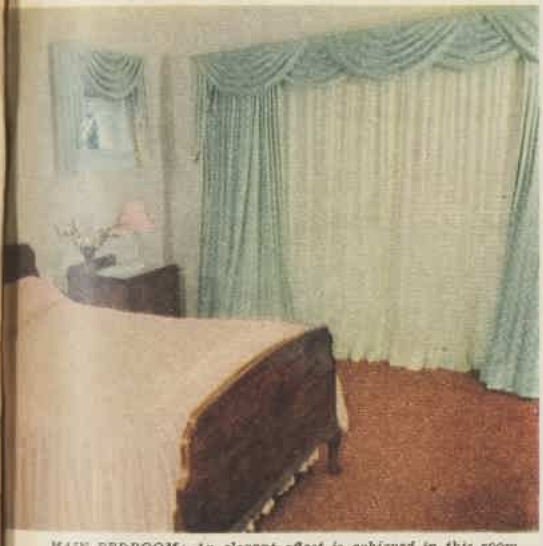
# Colored lighting in modern home

THE home of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jenkyn, of Pymble, N.S.W., is set among gum trees. In the spring peach blossom and wistaria add their quota of color. Color inside the house is deepened at night by the use of colored globes in table and floor lamps. Strategically placed tubular lighting is used.

A well-known hostess, Mrs. Jenkyn does her own housework and cooking.



*THE MAIN ENTRANCE to Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jenkyn's home at Pymble, N.S.W. Attractive lanterns stand on either side to light the way.*



*MAIN BEDROOM: An elegant effect is achieved in this room by heavy self-patterned silver-blue brocade curtains, which also drape the box windows at either side of bed. Cushions placed on the floor behind the curtains make them stand out.*



*SUNNY VERANDAH: Mrs. Norman Jenkyn and daughter Valerie in the sunroom at the back of their home.*

*

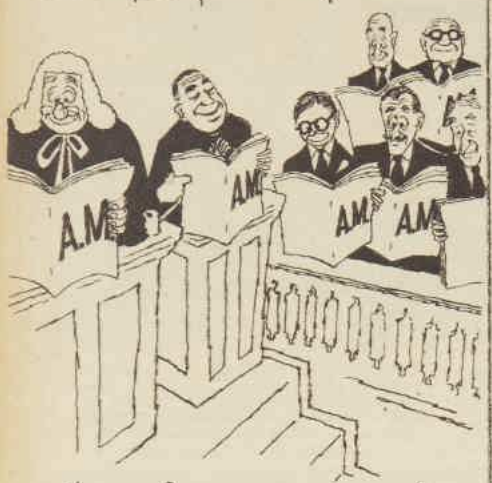
*GIRLS' BEDROOM: Daughters Valerie and Helen occupy this pretty room (right). Orchid-pink and blue are the predominating colors in the motifs of the off-white chintz spreads and curtains. A lilac glow is shed by the lights, which have white shades and blue globes.*





National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389570

Everybody's raving about




that big wonderful




Story and Picture Magazine

**A.M.**

**Don't miss this month's bumper issue!**



Articles for all the family—The Case of the Invisible Killer—Now we seek oil from the sky—Two new Ballets "Made in Australia"—Your life is his business—These golf clubs are below par.
All these and many more, all crammed into this month's wonderful issue of A.M.

**BUY A.M. TODAY!**

# Round The Rugged Rocks

JOHN spun round. Standing on the sand at the top of the beach were Jim Curtis, the ex-Hollywood stunt rider, and six or seven of the cowboys.

"Orbach's mob is looking for you," said Curtis. "You're leaving town."

One of the other men spoke up, his rugged face a study of consternation. "It seems some big New York newspaper guy got hold of a story about—er—er—" he looked at Ann — "about something you said to Orbach, and Orbach is fit to be tied . . ."

"Yeah, they say it's all over the front page in New York," said a third man, "and boy, is Orbach mad now!"

Jim Curtis spoke up then. "Milt says you must skip the country for a while. Take off for Canada or some place. He says this guy is not kidding, and if he catches up with you you'll get yours. Milt is over at your hotel now with some more of the boys. Everyone is out looking for you."

A fourth man spoke up. "Let's get goin', Johnny, whatya say?"

The cowboys shepherded John and Ann over to John's hotel. Milton Myers was there with a dozen others. He left no doubt in John's mind that the situation was really dangerous.

"They're out gunning for you, Johnny Boy. We've got to get you out of the way, but fast. Got any suggestions where you could go?"

John suddenly remembered Oglethorpe and his orchid-growing project.

"How does one get to Bermuda?" he asked.

Ann knew the answer to that. "Uncle Don nearly went last summer, and I made all the arrangements for him. You can fly from New York or Baltimore. I believe there are two planes a day."

"Baltimore," cried Milton Myers. "Why, that's great. That's only an hour or more from here. We could take you over there ourselves to make sure nothing happened to you on the way, couldn't we, fellers?"

"Sure could," came the lusty chorus, and John felt a catch in his throat as he looked at the circle of tough friendly faces around him.

A whole convoy of them escorted him to the airport, where at length a handshake from Milton Myers and a kiss

*Continued from page 9*

and a hug from Ann ended an anxious wait for the plane.

Some two and a half hours later, after a practically motionless flight, craning necks in the seats in front told John that Bermuda was close ahead.

The plane touched down, and three minutes later he was telphoning the news of his arrival.

"I've been expecting you for weeks," Oglethorpe said. "Take a taxi and tell the fellow to go to the Pink House, Devonshire Bay. He'll find it."

A quarter of an hour later, the first greetings over, John and Oglethorpe were reclining in two long chairs, each sipping a Planter's Punch and watching the fantastic colors of the sunset over the ocean.

They had much to discuss, and as they talked the brilliant flowers of the hibiscus folded in sleep, the full orchestra of tree frogs struck up for the evening performance, and the sky at the horizon turned from orange to pink, from pink to purple, and finally from purple to the black velvet of night.

NEXT day Oglethorpe took John on a tour of his orchid plants. This he did with a considerable flourish, and John was suitably impressed.

Three halcyon days passed, then Ann flew over on a visit. She was bubbling over with excitement.

"Oh, Johnny, darling, such an exciting thing has happened. There was a long-distance call from California. Meadowbrook, one of the smaller film companies in Hollywood, wanted to talk to me urgently. Pretty soon I was talking to Mr. Ingersoll, he is the . . . oh, I don't know what . . ."

She drew her breath in sharply. "Anyway, he wants to put me under contract to the studio, and they want me to make a test, and if it's good I'm to play the leading part opposite Ralph Ridgway in his next picture, a great big technicolor thing called 'Backwash' . . ."

John felt his knees turning to water, but as he looked at her flushed, excited face he forced a cheerful smile.

"I think it's wonderful, and I know you will be terrific, darling."

She looked up at him in that way he loved so much. "Don't be too disappointed in me, Johnny. It's a wonderful opportunity for me."

John smiled down at her. "I was just thinking you once said that you didn't want to be an actress. Remember?"

"Yes, that's true," she said slowly, "but when I said that I didn't realise how much I wanted—something else. This seemed like a chance to make it a little easier."

John took her in his arms. "I wonder where in Bermuda one can find a good serviceable engagement ring . . ."

Several minutes later Oglethorpe appeared from inside the house. He found his two guests still clasped in each other's arms. "Is there anything I can do to make you two more comfortable?" he inquired affably.

John turned his head a little. "You can kiss Ann on the cheek and shake my hand."

Most of the remaining time was spent in making plans. It was decided that Ann should proceed to Hollywood for her screen test. John would remain at the Oglethorpe sanctuary until a cable arrived announcing the result; if it were successful, then he would follow Ann to Hollywood.

The next morning Ann soared away again, leaving John, a disconsolate figure, to help Oglethorpe with the orchids and to await the fateful cable from Hollywood.

Within the week it came: "Darling they like the test. I think it is ghastly. Starting Ridgway picture immediately. He is ghastly too. Miss you dreadfully. Please hurry. All my love. Ann."

. . . .

Less than three weeks after the receipt of Ann's cable, John stepped ashore in California. His trip had been uneventful in all respects except that he had made it as a guest of one of the officers of H.M.S. Falmouth, which had called at Bermuda in the course of a goodwill cruise.

It was late in the afternoon when he arrived at Ann's apartment, where Clarabel, her colored maid, welcomed him rapturously.

Soon afterwards the door opened again and John's heart leaped. Ann was standing there open-eyed, staring at him. For a split second they stood thus, and then in a flurry they were in each other's arms.

Later that evening, when Clarabel produced an enormous dinner, they sat side by side on the floor and stared at the food, too excited to eat.

John noticed the little black smudges of tiredness beneath Ann's eyes and he was not surprised when she told him that she got up every morning at four-thirty, drove herself to the studio, spent hours with hairdressers and make-up men, then remained under the blazing arc lights until six o'clock in the evening.

"It's tremendous fun though, Johnny darling, and all the crew are absolutely sweet."

Breathlessly she told John about the film she was making: she was very keyed up and over-excited. He was quite relieved when Clarabel appeared in her street clothes and firmly declared that it was time for Ann to go to bed.

Ann's landlady had found John a room in the next street. His heart was singing as he went to it.

*Please turn to page 41*

*Beauty in brief:*

## NOTED FOR CHARM

By CAROLYN EARLE

Here are some tips and reminders on the use of creams as a beauty aid.

- **It is not necessary to allow skin-softening cream to remain on the skin overnight. In twenty minutes the cream will have done its work. The surplus can be removed gently with tissue, leaving a film that is neither unsightly nor uncomfortable.**
- **Cleansing cream is compounded for the purpose of liquefying make-up for easy removal. Thorough cleansing with warm water and good mild soap should follow every cream application.**
- **If a tinted foundation is used, in the ordinary way it is wise to use cleansing cream from the same manufacturer. More than likely oils used in cleansing cream will have been chosen to mix readily with oil employed in foundation for quick, easy removal.**
- **Oily complexions do not require a night cream. Following soap and water, skin freshener may be patted on to the surface with a dab of cottonwool and allowed to remain.**

For Indigestion anywhere! anytime!



DIGESTIF RENNIES ARE ALL YOU NEED

Pleasant-tasting Rennies relieve indigestion pain in seconds—anywhere, anytime. Simply suck two Rennies. No fuss with water. No glass or spoon needed. As Rennies dissolve, five medicinal ingredients trickle gently into your stomach, correcting acidity, helping your digestion.

Rennies do not over-alkalise—their neutralising action is nearest to Nature's own.

★ Individually wrapped for carrying in pocket or handbag.

1/6 & 4/6.

Save 1/6—buy the large—it contains 4 times the quantity.



DIGESTIF RENNIES

Anywhere! Anytime!





WAIT! THAT GRAZE NEEDS RAPID HEALING REXONA OINTMENT FIRST

COVERING THE WOUND ISN'T ENOUGH!

Infection starts right under that skin break. Why give it a chance? Apply Rexona Ointment generously to your usual dry dressing. Rexona goes deep and heals quickly at the point where infection starts.

*A handy, small jar of Rexona Ointment is an absolute necessity in every bathroom cupboard.*

O.93.WW49.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389571

# Round The Rugged Rocks

IT had been arranged that the following day John would go to the Meadowbrook Studios and have lunch with Ann.

When he arrived there, he thought at first that he had come to an aircraft factory. The huge sound stages looked like hangars, and the heavily armed police at the gate seemed far better suited to the guarding of the latest jet-propelled bomber than to the protection of movie stars.

John stated his business. "I have come to have lunch with Miss Ann Windsor." He was directed to another entrance. There, after searching interrogation, he was passed through into a large ante-room, at the far end of which a policeman was seated behind a desk.

Again John stated his business. As he spoke he became aware that at least twenty people were listening — they were seated round the walls of the ante-room on very uncomfortable wooden chairs.

In addition to several leggy, peroxide blondes accompanied by blue-jowled men with briefcases, there was a distinguished-looking man with a white moustache and a monocle; a wild-eyed old man with a mane of untidy grey hair who balanced a trombone on his knees, and a doting mother with a dreadful little girl of six who had her hair permanently waved and lipstick on her tiny spoiled mouth.

"Take a seat and wait your turn," said the policeman curtly.

John obeyed. He felt no resentment, only the wondering curiosity of an explorer coming suddenly upon a lost civilisation in the jungle.

One of the blue-jowled men leaned toward him with a conspiratorial air. "That swine keeps people waiting just for the fun of it," he said. "Who are you trying to see?"

"I am supposed to be having lunch with a friend of mine. She's working in a picture here."

"Working in a picture?" The man looked incredulous.

Ten minutes later the telephone rang at the policeman's elbow. He listened for a moment; then spoke in an ingratiating manner, "Yes, Miss Fenchurch. I'll just see, Miss Fenchurch. One moment, please, Miss Fenchurch." He clapped his hand over the mouthpiece. "Any of you characters named Hamilton? John Hamilton?"

John admitted to this. All eyes turned upon him with renewed interest.

The policeman glowered for a moment, then took his hand off the mouthpiece. "Yes, Mr. Hamilton is here, Miss Fenchurch, he just this moment walked in . . . certainly Miss Fenchurch . . . I'll have him wait for you . . . thank you, Miss Fenchurch." He hung up and crooked his finger in John's direction.

John sauntered over to the desk. The policeman leaned toward him: "Mr. Ingersoll's secretary is coming down to fetch you."

"Thanks, my man," said John as he put a quarter on the desk.

Miss Fenchurch was full of apologies. "Mr. Ingersoll is most upset, Mr. Hamilton. He quite forgot to tell me to arrange to have a pass here at the desk for you. I do hope you haven't been waiting long?"

She took John down a maze of passages, out into the brilliant sunshine of a street, and along to a white bungalow set a little apart. It was surrounded by a picket fence; a small bed of asters was on either side of the door, and above was a sign which read "Isaac Ingersoll." They passed beneath the sign and into an ante-room.

It was much like the previous one John had seen, though smaller. The uncomfortable wooden chairs were occupied by the mixture as before—leggy blondes accompanied by blue-jowled men holding briefcases, bald men, musicians with instruments. Several stood up as Miss Fenchurch swept disdainfully through the room.

Through a door was another and more comfortable waiting-room. Here green leather chairs were dotted about; magazines were at hand, and this time, at the sight of Miss Fenchurch, all the occupants of the chairs stood up. A wave of pity swept over John.

Miss Fenchurch knocked on the door of the inner sanctum and bustled in. "Mr Hamilton is here, Mr. Ingersoll."

John followed her into the holy of holies. From behind a small, beautifully carved desk Isaac Ingersoll rose, and John received a decided shock.

On the few occasions upon which he had given any thought to big movie moguls it had been in the diffused light shed upon them by newspaper cartoonists—gross cigar-smoking elderly Jews, with jewelled fingers and lascivious lips. He had taken it for granted that Isaac Ingersoll would conform to this type.

The man who now advanced towards him with outstretched hand was very different. Tall and fit-looking with fine dark eyes. A charming smile lit up his deeply tanned face.

"Very glad to meet you, Mr. Hamilton. Ann has talked so much about you I feel I almost know you. Please sit down. She'll be here any minute."

He apologised for forgetting to send a pass down to the reception desk. "I was sent for by Bengy early this morning, and when that happens everything goes out of your mind." He laughed. "Would you like a martini?"

Over their drinks, John asked, "Is Ann really good in your picture?"

"She is absolutely wonderful. I honestly believe within two

*Continued from page 40*

or three years she will be one of the biggest names in the industry. She has a great natural talent—great. She's a wonderful girl, too, but I don't need to tell you that. You are a very lucky man. Ann told me as a secret. I am very happy for you both."

"Thanks," said John. "Yes, I am lucky." But the words "in two or three years one of the biggest names in the industry" sounded the first tiny note of alarm in his heart.

Ann burst into the room. She was heavily made up with a yellowish greasepaint and wearing a thin silk dressing-gown. Her carefully dressed hair had been equally carefully shrouded in a pink hair-net. John also noticed, with some alarm, that she sported long false eyelashes, and that her mouth was no longer its own shape.

She kissed him on the cheek. "Oh, darling, don't look so shocked. I know I look awful, but they say it photographs all right."

"It certainly does, Ann," said Isaac Ingersoll.

John noticed that a tall, broad-shouldered young man with thick wavy hair and a weak, too good-looking face had entered the room behind Ann. He, too, was painted

> ***"The old like to give good advice because it consoles them for being no longer able to give a bad example."***
>
> —Anon.

yellow. He wore a tartan dressing-gown.

Ingersoll introduced him to John—"Ralph Ridgway, the star of our picture."

Was there just the tiniest hint of distaste in Ingersoll's voice?

"How do you do," said John.

"Pleased to meet you," said Ridgway.

"I don't offer drinks to my cast at lunchtime," laughed Ingersoll. "Let's get some food right away."

They filed into the next room, where a Filipino waiter in a white jacket helped Ann to her chair.

"How is poor old England?" asked Ridgway when they were seated. "Pretty well on her last legs, eh?"

"I expect she'll pull through," said John quietly. "She generally does."

"We will take you on the set after lunch," said Ingersoll, changing the subject, "or will that make you nervous, Ann?"

Ann smiled. "I'm always nervous, but Mr. Roseleaf is such a darling that I hardly notice it once I get started."

"Mark Roseleaf is the director," explained Ingersoll.

"I see," said John. "Please forgive me for being so ignorant, but what is the difference between a producer and a director?"

Ingersoll grinned. "Let me see how I can explain it."

By the time John had been initiated into some of the mysteries of film-making, they had all finished their lunch and it was time for Ann and Ridgway to return to the set.

"What do you think of the great Ralph Ridgway, idol of millions?" Ingersoll asked after after they had gone.

John grinned. "Hardly my type," he said. "Is he very popular?"

"Oh sure, he's up in the first ten at the box-office. Like to walk over to the set?"

"Love to."

John followed Ingersoll back into his beautifully furnished office, where he opened a door that led directly from his office into the street behind the bungalow. "This is my escape hatch," he explained. "If we go this way we can avoid all those people waiting around out there."

"What about all those people?" John asked.

"Four-fifths of them ought never to have got into this racket," Ingersoll said sharply. "They ought to have stayed home. Sure it's pathetic, sure you can feel sorry for them. There is ghastly suffering in this town, but they should have stayed home in the first place." He quickened his pace to match his irritability.

"So some kid wins a beauty contest in some jerk town some place, so she gets all her savings together, borrows the dough, maybe, and hops a train for Hollywood. No talent — nothing. She's so dumb she only gets a one-way ticket, never a round trip. Oh, no! Then it starts . . . casting offices, agents' offices, directors' offices, producers' offices; the money goes. Sooner or later she's desperate.

"Sometimes she earns enough at something else to go home. Most times she just sticks around and hopes. She becomes a waitress, a car-hop, anything—but she sticks around." Ingersoll's voice dropped and he shook his head. "Why don't they stay at home?" he said again.

They walked on in silence until they reached a small door in the vast side of one of the stages. For a moment John thought they had come to the wrong stage—it seemed empty. Then from the gloom at the far end of the cavernous building came a shout. "Lock 'em up."

A loud electric bell rang and the door through which they had just passed sealed itself behind them with a loud click.

"They are just going to shoot," whispered Ingersoll heading for a glow of light in the far corner, tiptoeing across thirty yards of open space.

"Ready, Ann? . . . Ralph?" asked a quiet voice from behind a canvas wall in the distance. "All right then, turn them over." A pause: the quiet voice said: "Action!"

*Please turn to page 43*


they stay brighter longer...





Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM






National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389572



puts you right in the picture . . .

# Pelaco Sportmaster

**How right you are,** and how good it feels to be inside a super styled, easy to look at, Pelaco Sportmaster. It's the classic shirt you've always wanted . . . beautiful, quality material . . . superbly tailored . . . handsomely styled and in a sweeping range of rich, luxurious colours. The man is not born who can't use the eye-catching good looks of Sportmaster. With a tie or without, Sportmaster has that same well-dressed air . . . that tasteful appearance of comfort without carelessness — the character you need for good grooming.

*"It is indeed a lovely shirt, sir!"*





National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389573

# Round The Rugged Rocks

UPON the instant and as though someone had turned on a tap there arose from behind the canvas wall all the clamor of a successful dinner party. Heading for this sound, Ingersoll led the way and John found himself behind a huge wheeled crane reposing upon a small railway track.

"Start the crane," yelled a voice from somewhere far above him: peering upward into the gloom, he perceived several men perched precariously on the end of the arm: they were crouched behind a large camera: the crane, which was steered along the tracks by a man manipulating an electric motor, now started forward in the direction of the party noises. John followed.

Gigantic doors in the path of the crane swung open: it passed majestically through and there, in the glare of a hundred arc lights, was a banquet in full swing. Dazzling women smiled archly upon resplendent officers and diplomats; medals and monocles flashed brightly, a babel of voices beat upon the dusty air.

The crane, like an inquisitive brontosaurus, lowered its head and the camera came on a level with the end of the long banquet table.

"Cut the dialogue," came a curt command from somewhere outside the brilliant scene: the tap was turned off. The babel, as if by magic, ceased as quickly as it had begun. But, quite miraculously, the noise was all that stopped completely; in pantomime the party still went on as gaily as before, but only a lip reader could tell what nonsense was now being mouthed between diplomat and duchess.

The crane moved forward and the camera headed down the line towards its ultimate goal—Ann and Ridgway, side by side at the far end of the table.

Ann, looking exquisitely lovely in a white dress and small diamond tiara, smiled as she said her lines: "Tell me, Ezio, have we made you comfortable here?"

"Oh, yes, Maria, very comfortable, I thank you."

"Do you have a good view from your windows?"

"Oh, yes, Maria, very good, I thank you."

"What do you see from there, Ezio?"

"It's all walls . . ." Ridgway stopped, thumped the table so that his plate and glasses jumped, and swore loudly.

"Cut!" said the quiet voice of the director.

"Save your arcs," said the head electrician.

"Pull the crane back," said the assistant director.

"Open the doors," said the second assistant director.

"What happened this time?" asked the director, who, John now saw for the first time, was one of those crouching beside the camera.

"This dialogue just doesn't play," said Ridgway.

The director caught Isaac Ingersoll's inquiring glance, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Okay, let's try it again," he said.

"Close the doors," said the second assistant director.

"Light your arcs," said the head electrician.

*Continued from page 41*

"Stand by with the crane," said the assistant director.

Five more times on one pretext or another was the patient director wafted aloft before Mr. Ridgway managed to remember the whole of the two minutes of dialogue required by the scene. Ann became increasingly nervous, but she did not falter. Isaac Ingersoll was not so patient.

"If the so-and-so would take the trouble to work," he muttered, "we might get this picture finished before Christmas."

Once this particular scene had been satisfactorily dealt with there was a lull in the proceedings as far as Ann was concerned. She was able to talk to John while the crew swarmed busily about preparing for their next scene.

Ann introduced John to everyone, and in spite of the smooth speed with which their mysterious work was proceeding, all found time to be friendly and instructive; it was obvious that they adored Ann. Mark Roseleaf, the director, was lyrical in his praises:

"Not only is she a wonderful natural actress, but she is one of the sweetest people I have ever worked with. There's not one member of this crew who wouldn't do anything for her."

Interrupting himself suddenly, he said: "Oh-oh! Let me out of here. Here comes Annie."

John followed the man's startled gaze and beheld a diminutive, elderly woman dressed in black. She was smiling benevolently through pince-nez attached to a chain.

At first John thought that she must be somebody's well-meaning aunt. Then he noticed the fawning attention she was receiving from a group of important-looking men, including Isaac Ingersoll.

He grabbed the coat-tail of the fleeing director. "Annie who?" he whispered.

The man turned. "Why, Annie Argus, of course—and is she syndicated! Over six hundred newspapers print her column. Let me out of here."

Ann, too, had deserted John. She was in a corner where some slight adjustments were being made to her dress.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw that he was becoming a subject of interest within the Annie Argus group. Finally Annie Argus nd Ingersoll advanced upon him—he was formally introduced.

Annie Argus seated herself in a chair and patted a vacant one beside her; she then dismissed Ingersoll with a slight inclination of her head.

"I understand you have just arrived in Hollywood, Mr. Hamilton." She had a quiet, rather musical voice. "Is Bengy going to put you into pictures? You are very good-looking."

John laughed. "Good heavens, no. I just came out to see a friend."

"Did you fly out?"

He told her all about the trip in H.M.S. Falmouth, and she was most interested—"a good listener," thought John.

"You are English, aren't you?" Annie Argus asked.

"Scots, actually."

"I heard a rumor just now that you were very highly decorated in the war."

"Oh, no! My colonel lost his head and got me an M.C. for not being caught running away—that's all."

"An M.C.?"

"Military Cross."

"Why didn't they give you a Victoria Cross?"

John felt on safe ground. He laughed. "Just a small technical hitch—I didn't deserve it."

Annie Argus smiled charmingly. "Just a small technical hitch? That is very modest of you. Tell me about Ann Windsor."

The question came so unexpectedly it caught John completely off balance. "She's wonderful," he said fervently.

Annie Argus leaned towards him, and the rustle of her black satin dress sounded like a snake moving over dead leaves.

"When are you going to be married?"

John looked round helplessly. "Please don't think me rude," he said, "but there are some questions one just can't answer."

Annie Argus removed her pince-nez. She patted his knee. "My dear boy, forgive me. I'm an inquisitive old woman. You should have told me to mind my own business." She strolled away.

A couple of minutes later Ann came back to John. "I saw you were cornered by the Gestapo—so I kept away . . . If she finds out about us we won't have any peace."

Ingersoll joined them. "I have to go for a conference. Stick around here as long as you want to, of course, but if you want a ride back to Beverly, I can drop you off."

"Johnny, darling," said Ann, "I'd love you to stay, but it's pretty dull for you, so please don't be gallant about it." She smiled up at him. "I'll soon be home anyway."

John's arms went round her. "I love you," he whispered, unaware that close behind them Annie Argus was watching intently.

"Let's go," said Ingersoll.

*To be continued*

## Ballerinas who can't dance

**"BALLERINAS don't make good ballroom dancers. Their trouble is that they want to lead their dancing partners—and what man likes to have that done to him?" says Kathleen Gorham, one of the leading ballerinas in the Borovansky company.**

***"I once pretended I had a sore toe so that my partner wouldn't wonder too much about my bad dancing."***

**Kathleen Gorham, a Sydney girl, and Peggy Sager, a New Zealander, are prima ballerinas in Borovansky's new Australian ballet The Outlaw.**

**Edna Busse, of Melbourne, dances the name part in The Black Swan, a ballet about the discovery of the Swan River, which also had its premiere this year.**

***The story of these two new ballets, made in Australia, is told in A.M. for October, now on sale.***


# Ford Pills are wonderful
## for all your family

***This grateful mother writes:***

**There used to be one or another of my kiddies sick or out of sorts. Their stomach troubles used to last for days. Now, at the first sign of crankiness, stomach trouble or loss of appetite, I give them a Ford Pill and they are right again in a few hours. Baby, who is just 10 months, gets half a Ford Pill crushed in honey. We've never been so well and I think Ford Pills are wonderful.**

Ford Pills will keep your children free from constipation and stomach trouble—the usual causes of crankiness and loss of appetite. Ford Pills are the gentle, tasteless, painless laxative—best for all your family.




## Give Ford Pills this way:




**Children, 10 months to 2 years:**
**Give half a Ford Pill crushed in honey, jam or treacle.**

**Older children:**
**Give half to 1 Ford Pill with a drink or crushed in honey, jam or treacle.**

**Adults:**
**1 to 3 Ford Pills with a drink.**

**Ford Pills will give your family cheery good health.**

**Get Ford Pills in Red and Gold Plastic Tubes 3/- EVERYWHERE**

# FORD PILLS

**THE GENTLE, TASTELESS, PAINLESS LAXATIVE FOR ALL YOUR FAMILY**

F.P.25

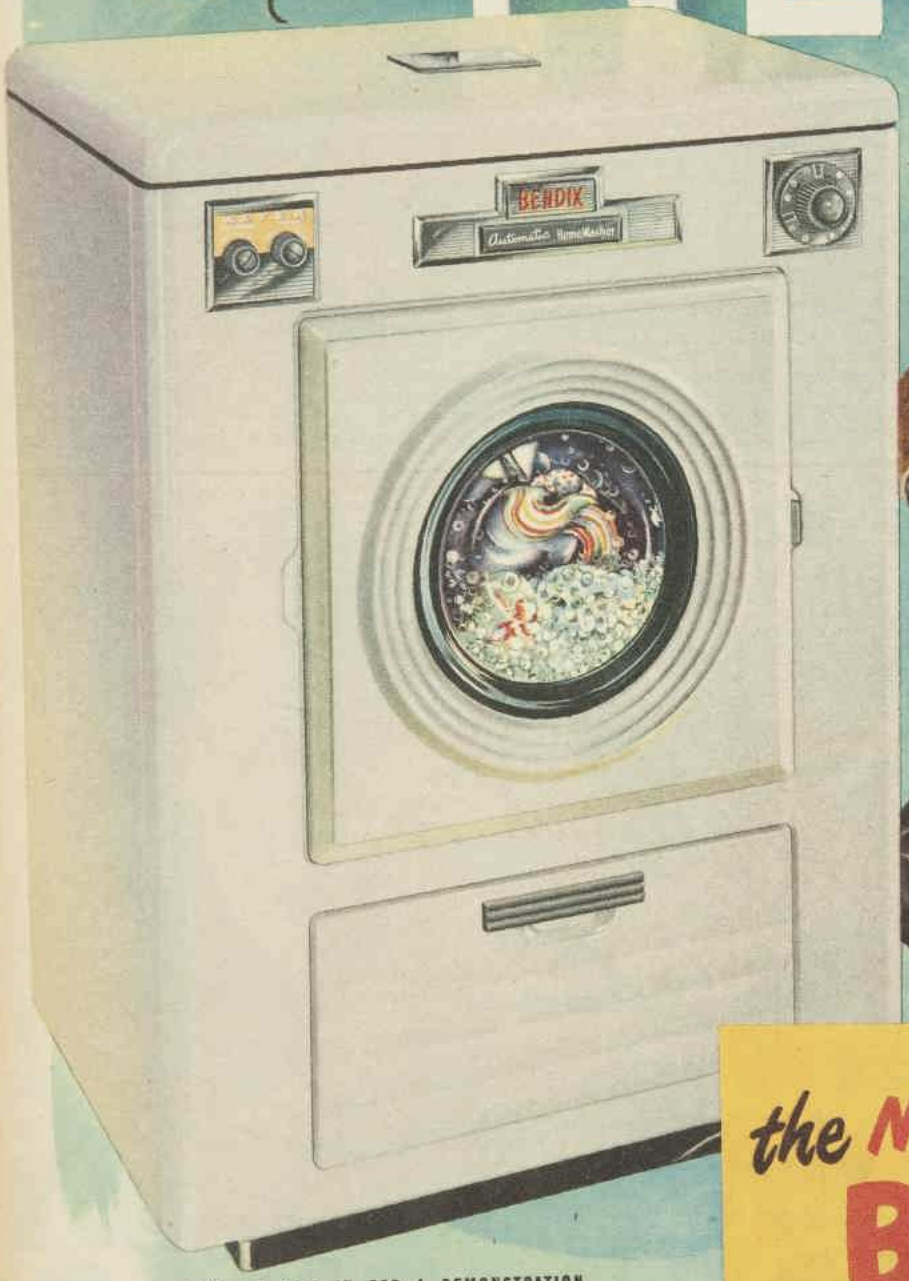



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389574

NEW

"My dear you must see the new Bendix ...it's better than ever"








"Oh yes . . . my new Bendix is a dream! I just leave everything to it! I pop the clothes in dry, set the dials, add the soap, and my Bendix washes the clothes clean as clean. It rinses them three times, too — in fresh, clear water — and damp-dries them for me. In fact, my hands never touch water on wash-day! My Bendix even cleans itself and switches itself off . . . all automatically!"



IMPROVED 'DYNA-SURGE' TUMBLE-ACTION gives a three-way washing action which penetrates every fold and fibre, and chases out every speck of dirt.

EXCLUSIVE 'WATER RATIONER' meters the exact amount of water needed for each individual load. This means a regular saving of soap and hot water!

'THERMOMATIC' WATER TEMPERATURE CONTROL guarantees that water is automatically supplied at the correct temperature throughout the complete soaping, washing and rinsing cycles.

DIALS CONVENIENTLY PLACED at the front to leave the table-top free for folding clothes or other purposes.

BETTER 'DAMP-DRYING' with a stepped-up high-speed spin, making clothes so light to handle.

. . . FULLY AUTOMATIC

the NEW improved BENDIX AUTOMATIC WASHER

PHONE, OR CALL IN FOR A DEMONSTRATION

LEVIN & CO. LTD.

SOLE AUSTRALIAN AGENTS:

45 KING ST., SYDNEY
432 BOURKE ST., MELBOURNE
113 GRENFELL ST., ADELAIDE
BRISBANE: CNR. MARGARET & ALBERT STREETS
HOBART: C/- A. G. WEBSTER & SONS LTD.




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389575

**● Pineapple is a delicious fruit to combine with sweet or savory ingredients for hot and cold dishes or to include in salads.**

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

# Pineapple

PRE-COOKED pineapple gives the best results in most puddings—the flavor is richer and the fruit itself more tender.

For gelatine mixtures pre-cooking is essential—uncooked pineapple prevents gelatine setting.

Simmer the prepared fruit (sliced, shredded, or diced) in a small quantity of sugar syrup for 10 to 15 minutes or pressure cook about 5 minutes.

All spoon measurements are level.

## PINEAPPLE CHICKEN CURRY

(Try this with rabbit—we did, and found it good.)

**One fowl or large rabbit, few celery leaves, 1 onion or 3 shallots, 3 dessertspoons fat, 2 tablespoons flour, stock, ½ cup sultanas, ½ cup crushed pineapple, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon curry powder, 1 chopped green apple (peeled and cored), 1 teaspoon sugar, salt and pepper to taste, 1 cup milk, black olives or pars'ey to garnish.**

Prepare fowl or rabbit in usual way, cook with celery leaves, salt, 1 slice of onion or 1 chopped shallot until tender. Reserve stock, making up to 1½ pints with water if necessary. Cut meat from bones, cut into bite-sized pieces. Brown balance of chopped onion or shallots in hot fat, add flour, and brown lightly. Stir in stock, sultanas, pineapple, lemon juice, curry powder, apple, sugar, salt and pepper. Fold in diced poultry or rabbit, simmer gently 15 minutes. Meanwhile heat pineapple cases in moderate oven. Stir milk into curry, bring just to boiling point. Fill into pineapple cases, garnish with olives or parsley. Add cooked rice moulds, top with chopped nuts.

## PINEAPPLE CHEESE TART

**One uncooked 8in. pastry case, 1½ cups crushed pineapple (cooked and sweetened), 3 dessertspoons cornflour, 1-3rd cup sauterne, ¼lb. cream cheese, ½ cup sugar, 1oz. butter or other shortening, ¼ cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 egg, ¼ cup milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla, pineapple sticks, cherries and cream.**

Blend cornflour with sauterne, stir into heated pineapple. Cook 2 minutes, stirring constantly, allow to cool. Turn into uncooked pastry case. Rub cream cheese through a fine sieve or strainer, add softened shortening and sugar, beat well. Work in sifted flour and salt, then slightly beaten egg, vanilla, and cooled, scalded milk. Pour over pineapple mixture. Bake in hot oven (425-deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, bake 30 minutes longer. Cool and chill before serving decorated with pineapple sticks, cherries, and cream.

## PINEAPPLE GATEAU

**One and a half cups shredded pineapple with juice, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 dessertspoons cornflour, 2 eggs, 4 extra tablespoons sugar for meringue, vanilla, 1 layer sponge cake cooked in a recess tin.**

Simmer pineapple with sugar until tender. Blend cornflour with a little water, stir into pineapple mixture. Stir until boiling, simmer 3 minutes. Fold in egg-yolks, cook 3 minutes longer, but do not allow to boil again. Allow to cool. Fill into recess in sponge. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add extra sugar and beat until mixture stands in peaks. Flavor with vanilla. Pile on top of pineapple. Place in very moderate oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. Serve cold.



*PINEAPPLE CHICKEN CURRY, filled into heated pineapple cases and served with rice moulds topped with salted cashew nuts, is an appetising and savory main dinner dish. The balance of the pineapple may be used in pineapple cheese tart or in salad.*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389576

## "I could hardly believe my ears!"



*"It seems that some scientists have been making certain laboratory tests recently—and have proved that Vegemite contains more Vitamin $B_1$ than any other yeast extract manufactured and sold in Australia.*

*Well—I'm a Vegemite fan myself and it's certainly good to know that Vegemite is so good for me!"*

Vegemite is an invaluable source of the *complete* Vitamin B complex (the protective element), which includes Vitamin $B_1$, riboflavin, and niacin (the anti-pellagric factor). Also Vegemite contains no starch. Everyone loves that rich, satisfying flavour of Vegemite, so keep it handy at home for sandwiches, snacks, stews and gravies.

***MOTHER OF BABY MODEL WRITES***

Says Mrs. Woolacott, of Moorabbin, Victoria—

"I have read where many children have had Vegemite since they were 6 months old, but my babe commenced taking it in the bottle at 6 weeks old. She started modelling at nine months old, and everyone says she is a living recommendation for Vegemite!"

*Delicious*

**VEGEMITE**

*—richer, more economical.*

Made by KRAFT. KV11






Only a healthy skin can be really beautiful and Solyptol Soap with its antiseptic and nourishing oils keeps the skin healthy.

**Solyptol Soap**

"If it's Fouldings—it's Pure"


# £5 prize for chocolate fingers

**Dried apricots, preserved ginger, and nuts flavor the chocolate fingers which win £5 in this week's cookery contest.**





*● Apricot chocolate fingers are simple to prepare and rich in flavor. They will be popular for afternoon tea or supper.*

*● Quick-mix apricot meringue cake decorated with cream may be served as a cake or a dinner sweet.*

TWO economical meat dishes to serve with summer salads, a butterless sandwich spread, and a quick-mix cake win consolation prizes.

You are invited to enter your home-tested recipes in this popular contest.

Send as many recipes as you wish, but write or type on one side of the paper only.

All spoon measurements are level.

### APRICOT CHOCOLATE FINGERS

**One and a half cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1½ tablespoons cocoa, 4oz. shortening, ¾ cup sugar, 1 egg, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, 3oz. dried apricots, 2oz. chopped nuts, 2 tablespoons chopped preserved ginger, scant ¼ cup milk.**

Soak apricots in boiling water ½ hour, until soft but not pulpy. Sift flour, cocoa, and cinnamon, rub in shortening. Add sugar, chopped nuts, ginger, and chopped apricots. Mix well. Fold in beaten egg and milk. Spread in greased Swiss-roll tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, top with chocolate icing and extra nuts. Serve cut into finger-lengths.

**First Prize of £5 to Mrs. W. R. Dolman, Echunga, S.A.**

### ECONOMICAL MEAT LOAF

**One and a half pounds beef sausage-meat, 1½ cups breadcrumbs, 2 rashers bacon, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 3 tablespoons chopped celery, 3 tablespoons chopped carrot, 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts (may be omitted), salt, pepper, and celery salt to taste, 1 beaten egg, ¼ cup meat stock or tomato juice.**

Place sausage-meat and crumbs in basin. Cut rind from bacon. Put bacon, onion, celery, carrot, and walnuts through coarse mincer and add to sausage-meat with salt, pepper, and celery salt. Stir in egg and stock or tomato juice. Fill into greased pudding-basin, cover tightly with lid or greased paper. Steam 2½ hours. Remove from pan, drain off excess fat. Place a saucer and heavy weight on top and leave to cool. When cold, unmould and slice. Serve with salad ingredients.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. Homewood, Butcher St., Mudjong, W.A.**

### QUICK-MIX APRICOT MERINGUE CAKE

**One cup flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar, 2 eggs, ¼ cup milk, ¼ cup melted shortening, 1 teaspoon vanilla, extra 5 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, cooked or preserved apricots.**

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, add sugar. Beat egg-yolks lightly with milk, shortening, and vanilla, fold into dry ingredients. Continue folding until mixture is quite smooth. Fill into greased 8in. sandwich-tin. Beat remaining egg-whites with a pinch of salt until stiff and frothy. Gradually add extra sugar and cream of tartar. Beat until very stiff and sugar is dissolved. Spread over cake mixture. Using a teaspoon, make "cups" in meringue to hold apricot halves. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 45 to 50 minutes. Remove carefully from tin. When cold, fill "cups" with apricot halves. Serve with whipped cream or ice-cream.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Fryer, 132 Dawson St., Cook's Hill, Newcastle, N.S.W.**

### ABERDEEN SAUSAGE

**One pound minced steak, ½lb. minced bacon, 1 cup white breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, squeeze lemon juice, 1 egg, browned breadcrumbs.**

Mix together steak, bacon, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, and mustard. Beat egg, add sauces and lemon juice. Stir into meat mixture. Keeping hands lightly floured, shape mixture into a roll. Tie in floured pudding-cloth. Plunge into boiling water, boil gently 2 hours. When cooked remove cloth and coat thickly with browned crumbs. Serve cold with salad.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. S. Stirling, Blackwood Rd., Wynnum, Qld.**

### BUTTERLESS SANDWICH SPREAD

**Two hard-boiled eggs, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 2 thin slices onion, 1 small tomato, 2 tablespoons grated carrot, 2 lettuce leaves, salt and pepper.**

Chop eggs finely. Mix with cheese, carrot, chopped, skinned tomato, salt and pepper. Mince onion, finely shred lettuce. Add to egg mixture, mix thoroughly.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. I. Smith, Glen Rd., Oatley, N.S.W.**

## *FLAVOR FILLIPS...*

STEWED apple and mashed banana with a dash of lemon juice make a delightful filling between two layers of plain cake.

A CUPFUL or more of sieved cooked spinach added to white sauce for fish will add new flavor.

ANOTHER trick with white sauce is to add grated orange or lemon rind when serving it with boiled meat.

VARY the flavor and appearance of your best baked custard by adding golden syrup and serve topped with chopped candied peel.

HERE is a dinner sweet that can be served icy cold or piping hot. Dust crisp pastry squares with sugar and cinnamon, place on top of spoonfuls of stewed apple, and serve with cream or custard.

FOR an appetising supper dish that's not too expensive, try whole hard-boiled eggs (one for each person) served in a browned onion sauce. Add a spoonful of cheesed spaghetti and grilled tomato halves.

APPLE rings coated with egg and breadcrumbs and fried add a new flavor to a mixed grill. As an accompaniment to baked rabbit, dip apple rings in milk, coat with grated cheese, and toast or fry.


**FOR CHAFING AND NAPPY RASH—USE**




Pure, safe, soothing

**Vaseline**

**PETROLEUM JELLY**

Remember, there is only ONE "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly—the *one pictured above.* This is the scientifically refined and purified Petroleum Jelly—which never *varies in odour, colour and purity.* Be certain you get safe, pure "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. Always ask for it by its *full name.* Keep it in your house for 101 daily uses.

**At all chemists and stores.**

*"Vaseline" is the Registered Trade Mark of Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Consd.*

VJ17






HANSEN'S JUNKET



**WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—**

**Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go.**

The liver should pour out about 2 pints of bile juice into your digestive tract every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the digestive tract. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those mild, gentle Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel up and up. Get a package to-day.

Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store right away. A61





National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389577

LOW DEPOSIT • EASY TERMS • LOW DEPOSIT • EASY TERMS • LOW DEPOSIT • EASY TERMS • LOW DEPOSIT • EASY TERMS • LOW DEPOSIT • EASY TERMS • LOW DEPOSIT • EASY TERMS



**9/6 WEEKLY** — **IN THE SUNROOM** "H.M.V.'s" 5 valve table model C23B.



**38/- WEEKLY** — **IN THE LOUNGE ROOM** "H.M.V.'s" beautiful autoradiogram — model R53A — in walnut or rosewood cabinet.



**7/- WEEKLY** — **IN THE BEDROOM** "HIS MASTER'S VOICE" mantel model C13C.



**9/6 WEEKLY** Take the "H.M.V." portable radio model B61C to the laundry when you do the washing.

**"H.M.V.'s" famous "Little Nipper"**

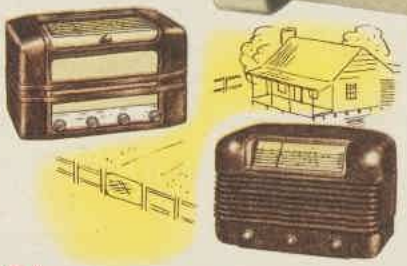
**only 5/6 WEEKLY**

In four beautiful colours — cream, green, walnut, burgundy at no extra cost





**FROM 25/6 WEEKLY** Two more console radiograms by "H.M.V." Model E43D/E, **25/6** weekly — "The Sir Ernest Fisk" Model (R43A), **31/-** weekly.



**11/6 WEEKLY** Two "H.M.V." battery sets for dry battery, vibrator or home lighting plant operation. Model C21A, **11/6** weekly. Model B11A, **8/-** weekly (12/32—50 volts).



**15/6 WEEKLY** The popular "H.M.V." table radio-gram with dual wave reception (model D33A).

Just a few shillings a week for "H·M·V"

The easiest of **TERMS** buys the best in radio

# "HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LTD. *(Inc. in England)*, HOMEBUSH, N.S.W.




*The Hallmark of Quality*

***Your safeguard is "H.M.V.'s" half century of experience — at no extra cost***



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389578

# Banish Poisons of Catarrh & Bronchitis

*Personal case histories tell of spectacular relief after years of suffering.*



The actual word of people who have suffered for years and have been made well is the best evidence you can have about the wonderful modern dissolved oral vaccine, *Lantigen 'B,'* and its power to free you or your loved ones from the poisons of Catarrh and Bronchitis.

**Read these extracts from ex-sufferers' letters and judge for yourself.**

**CATARRH.** "I first used *Lantigen 'B'* for Catarrh. Before I tried it, I always had colds and ulcers in my mouth. I've hardly had either since. I also got my brother-in-law on *Lantigen 'B'* and *he got through the winter without a cold.*" —Mrs. E.S., Paddington, Qld.

**BRONCHITIS.** "About six months ago, my daughter developed Bronchitis. She would get frightful attacks of coughing. One day I happened to see an advertisement for *Lantigen 'B' . . . The results were astounding.* After taking only one bottle she is completely over her trouble." —Mrs. J.W., Narrabri, N.S.W.

**CATARRH.** "The Catarrh has cleaned up remarkably well and *I'm able to breathe quite freely,* especially when I go to bed at night."—Mrs. U.C., Hurstville, N.S.W.

***LANTIGEN STIMULATES THE PRODUCTION OF ANTIBODIES IN THE SYSTEM***



These antibodies are the natural antidotes to the Catarrh and Bronchitis germs. They neutralise the germ poisons, thus the inflamed mucous membranes are soothed, breathing freed, congestion relieved, the ache from the frontal headaches eased. **Lantigen 'B'** provides a method of treating the disorder, and the successful treatment of disease by this means usually assists in promoting immunity from further attacks.

Lantigen 'B' is safe for young and old, guaranteed not to harm the heart or interfere with other treatments. No injections—no drugs. Costs only a few pence per day.

If you suffer from Catarrh or Bronchitis, go to your chemist and ask him for a bottle of Lantigen 'B.' It should not be long before you, too, will be able to tell of the same sort of relief which so many have gained from taking this modern oral vaccine.

**Ask your chemist to-day for**

**Lantigen 'B'**

DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

*TAKEN JUST LIKE ORDINARY MEDICINE FOR CATARRH AND BRONCHITIS*

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, 103 York Street, Sydney. 2838.82





*NEW! SMOOTH!*

# LEG BEAUTY

**for you in 3 minutes**

The quickest way to leg beauty this summer is Veet, the wonderful hair-removing cream. Veet gets rid of ugly hair painlessly and *thoroughly.* Just apply Veet, leave on for 3 minutes, then wash off. The result is velvety soft skin—with a brown-berry look to your sun tan. No trace of hair, no bristly stubble. Successful results guaranteed with Veet or money refunded. At chemists and stores, 3/6 per tube, or large economy size, 6/-.

**Nylons need lovely legs.** *Sheer stockings need smooth legs, free from every trace of hair. Use Veet and make sure your legs will always look their loveliest!*





# "Look, Mum! I can walk again!"

It is when youngsters are run down, tired and listless that the seeds of ill-health are sown, and Mothers should lose no time in putting them on Roboleine. Roboleine has been recommended by Doctors, Hospitals and Child Welfare Institutions, for over 30 years for Anæmia, Rickets, Malnutrition and Wasting Diseases generally. 12- and 36-oz jars.

**Roboleine**

THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

Prepared in the laboratories of: **Oppenheimer, Son & Co. Ltd.,** London. If you have not tried Roboleine send 6d. in stamps to **MUIR & NEIL PTY. LTD.,** Wholesale Chemists, Box 1562 G.P.O., Sydney, for trial jar.


# £5000 QUIZ CONTEST

**Entries continue to pour in from readers all over Australia for our £5000 Quiz Contest.**

ON the opposite page you will see the contest rules. Read them carefully. They tell you all you need to know about preparing your entry.

Some entrants have answered only one question. Their entries cannot be accepted for the contest. Although you need not answer all three quizzes, you must answer the ten questions in any quiz or quizzes you select.

Each quiz is a complete contest in itself and carries a first prize of £1000

Address your entries: Quiz Contest, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

## FULL LIST OF PRIZES

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| £1000 | for best answer to each quiz | £3000 |
| £250 | for second best answer to each quiz | £750 |
| £100 | for third best answer to each quiz | £300 |
| £20 | for best answer to any question (30 prizes of £20) | £600 |
| £10 | for second best answer to any question (30 prizes of £10) | £300 |
| £1 | for witty replies (50 consolation prizes) | £50 |
| | | £5000 |

## Romance Quiz

**1**—Suggest four golden rules for girls—nice girls—who wish to be attractive to the opposite sex.

**2**—You are a working girl with ambitions. Your wardrobe is adequate for your workaday life, but you often wish for something more suitable for parties. You are suddenly presented with £100 to spend on clothes, and decide to set yourself up with things suitable for a smarter social life. Assuming you have a good winter coat, how would you lay out the money to be of advantage not only this summer but for several seasons?

**3**—What are the three best beauty hints you know?

**4**—Suppose you are a salesgirl in a big department store. The new head of your department, in charge of a large number of girls, is an attractive young man who is noticing you with special interest. You believe he would like to ask you out, but is afraid that it would be unwise because of your respective working positions. How would you go about encouraging his interest while at the same time indicating that you are the soul of discretion and that friendship with you would never prove an embarrassment in working hours?

**5**—Your methods prove successful, and soon you are seeing the young man regularly. However, his mother, while committing no breach of good manners, receives you coolly, and after a few visits to his home you come to the conclusion she thinks her son might do better for himself. What would you do to try to win her confidence, and if you failed what would you do then?

**6**—Anyway, you begin to pop a few treasures in your bottom drawer. List the items of house linen you think any girl should offer as her contribution to the future home. Outline an idea for one set of table linen that would give a trousseau an individual touch.

**7**—Love conquers all, you think, when you accept his ring, followed by other presents designed to grace your joint future home. But six months later you find you are no longer happy in the engagement (though this is not due to any grave fault in his behaviour to you or his character) and decide to end it. What action would you take in announcing your change of heart to your fiance and your friends?

**8**—Time marches on. A couple of years later you are living in another town or suburb and at last meet your true love. He has only one fault, a strong sense of jealousy. He asks you to marry him, you say yes, and you wonder whether to tell him of your previous engagement or take a chance he will never hear of it. What do you decide, and why?

**9**—Out of the wisdom of your experience, suggest three ways (apart from beauty care and attention to dress) in which a girl can develop her personality.

**10**—Suggest four golden rules for the man who wants to rate as a charming escort.

## Office Quiz

**1**—Suggest four golden rules for career girls.

**2**—Suppose you are a shorthand-typist with three years' experience in a general office. Your shorthand and typing are good, you consider yourself alert, well informed, and worthy of a better job. So answer the following advertisement:

WANTED: Experienced stenographer as secretary to executive of large company. Only girls with personality and willing to concentrate on exacting job will be considered. Reply, stating educational and business qualifications, to Executive, Box 0202, Blanktown.

**3**—Congratulations, you got the job. Till now your clothes purchases have been limited by your small salary. This winter you managed to buy a good topcoat, but you have nothing else very good. Suddenly you are given £100 to spend on clothes. How would you lay out the money to benefit for several seasons ahead as well as for this summer?

**4**—Your new chief is a nervy, forgetful man. At 10.55 one morning you discover he has made an appointment for 11 a.m. with one important client, forgetting that you have already made an appointment with another equally important for the same time. They arrive together. What do you do?

**5**—The organisation for which you now work covers many different activities. A letter comes in which requires information from a number of different departments before your chief can draft the final answer. What steps would you take to see that it was quickly dealt with by each one?

**6**—You're proving so efficient all sorts of little problems come to you to be solved. For instance, there has been a great increase in the consumption of notepaper, envelopes, paper clips, pencils, nibs, etc., and it has been suggested that staff members are supplying their personal needs from office stocks. You are told to stop it. Draft a memo, calling for economy in all departments in the use of all kinds of stationery.

**7**—Now you are answering tricky letters yourself. This morning there is a letter from a valued but troublesome customer of your firm, complaining that some items of a consignment of goods received at his shop were damaged in transit. You must write a firm but inoffensive letter which states that the goods were undamaged when they left your firm's factory, that they were carried by one of the most reliable of your transport personnel, and that it is possible that they were damaged on his premises. The name of your firm is A. B. C. D. Jones Pty. Ltd., 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, general merchants, cable address Dosel. The letter goes out from the sales manager, Mr. A. B. C. Smith, to the general manager of the firm of X. Y. Z. Brown and Sons, 60 Regent Street, Sydney. (Answer to this question is to be the whole letter typed and set out completely with the firm's name and details shown as if on a printed letterhead.)

**8**—You are shocked at the sight of this envelope in the mail one morning. Tabulate the errors made in addressing it.

F. PINE, Esq., B.SC. MBE,
84 ABERNETHY ST,
KEDRON

**9**—You are successful now, and well paid, but find that you are concentrating too much on your career and cutting yourself off from normal women's interests. State why this is a bad thing and what you will do to avoid loss of femininity.

**10**—Suggest four golden rules for employers.

## Homemaker Quiz

**1**—Suggest four golden rules for homemakers.

**2**—You are an average housewife running a home on an average income. Your wardrobe is limited, you have a good winter topcoat, but nothing else of much value. Suddenly you are given £100, which you must spend all at once on clothes. State what you would buy with that money so that you would benefit not only this summer, but for several seasons to come.

**3**—Yesterday afternoon you went to a kitchen tea at which each guest had to write down her favorite household hint for the bride-to-be. What did you write?

**4**—To-day your husband rings you at 4 p.m. to say he is bringing home a business friend for dinner. You have been out shopping and intended to have a quick meal, for which you bought four chops and one pound of green peas. You have a small end of cold roast mutton and your pantry holds the ordinary household needs, including eggs, cheese, bacon, tomatoes, potatoes, plus the following tinned or bottled goods: Meat loaf, asparagus cuts, fish paste, capers, spaghetti, baked beans, white salmon, halved peaches. There are no savory biscuits or crackers. You expect husband and guest by 6 p.m., and consider the meal should be on the table by 7 o'clock. How will you turn the scratch meal into a festive dinner? You can use a pressure cooker if you wish.

**5**—The years go by and your eight-year-old Bobby is at school. One day he brings home a note from his teacher, saying he is lazy and inattentive and asking you to speak to him. You feel, like most mothers, that Bobby's teacher doesn't understand him, because you know Bobby doesn't like the teacher. Then, thinking it over, you realise Bobby is lazy and inattentive at home, too. How do you deal with this situation?

**6**—Your neighbor, like you, is worried about her household bills. Help her by giving your recipe for the most economical main-dinner dish you know, in quantities for a family of six.

**7**—Your neighbor's son has a motor-bike and is in the habit of roaring home noisily late at night. You are on good terms with the family, and have previously mentioned this matter mildly to the boy's mother without result. Your husband is quick-tempered and outspoken, and you want to get the matter settled without his intervention. What would you do about it?

**8**—Out of the wisdom of your housekeeping experience, outline a day-to-day plan of household duties for a week in a three-bedroom house for a family consisting of husband, wife, and two schoolchildren.

**9**—You begin to feel yourself submerged in mundane home duties. You have only a little pocket-money to spare. What steps will you take to get yourself again in touch with current affairs and the wider world?

**10**—Suggest four golden rules for husbands.

**KEEP THIS PAGE. The quiz questions will NOT be published every week during the course of the contest.**




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389579



To keep skin smooth, lovely, simply do this:

Use mildly medicated Cuticura Soap for cleansing hands and face, for your bath and as a shampoo. So mild and gentle it won't harm even a new-born baby's tender skin. Helps keep your complexion smooth and lovely, your hair lustrous. Use Cuticura Ointment to clear skin blemishes. Cuticura All-Purpose Talcum as your dusting powder. Start this simple Beauty Treatment to-day.

Cuticura

for a Beautiful Skin — CUTICURA SOAP, CUTICURA OINTMENT, CUTICURA TALCUM



step up "SLUGGISH LIVER" restore REGULARITY!

Often it's a "sluggish" liver that causes constipation, indigestion, heavy, sick headaches, tired feeling and a sallow, spotty complexion. Why put up with these unpleasant symptoms when Chamberlain's Tablets can so quickly bring you back to sparkling health?

Chamberlain's aid in gently stimulating liver function, help the flow of liver bile to the intestines, restore regularity, assist in clearing the skin. Non-habit-forming without harsh action—they prove for themselves how good they are. Sold everywhere—2/3: family size, 4/6.

Chamberlain's TABLETS
A GENTLE, EFFECTIVE LAXATIVE



DON'T throw it away because of RUST STAIN

RUSTIBAN will definitely remove rust stains like magic from cotton, linen, woollens and silk.

Your chemist sells RUSTIBAN—and, just to prove how effective it is, he will give you a free demonstration on any rust-stained fabric you show him. One bottle of RUSTIBAN will remove 200-300 stains.

Rustiban


# New tennis sweater

**This Paris-designed tennis sweater has a clever new sleeve treatment, which will give you freedom of movement on the court.**



*COLORFUL STRIPES of angora run horizontally across this white sweater. The slit neckline is neat and cool.*

THE garment, illustrated at right, was made in white with the stripes knitted in a soft green angora.

The stripes, however, can be worked in any color, or, if preferred, in several colors.

The sweater has been specially designed to fit 35 to 36in. bust measurements.

Here are the easy-to-follow directions:

**Materials:** 7oz. white (shade No. 51) Patons "Beehive" fingering wool, 4-ply (Patonised Shrink-resist finish) and 3 balls green (shade No. 5502) Patons "Fuzzy Wuzzy" angora; 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 13 knitting needles; 1 spare No. 14 needle; 1 stitch-holder; 1 button.

**Measurements** (to fit 35-36 in. bust): Length from top of shoulder, 21in.

**Tension:** 8 sts. to the in. in width.

## BACK

Using white wool and No. 13 needles, cast on 120 sts.

**1st Row:** * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Repeat this row 32 times.

Using No. 11 needles, work in st-st. and inc. 1 st. at each end of needle in every 6th row until there are 146 sts. on needle. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 11in. from commencement. Now work in following tucked pattern:

Join in angora and work 4 rows in st-st., inc. once at each end of 3rd row.

Using a No. 14 needle, pick up the sts. of 1st row of angora on the wrong side. Holding the two needles together, k 1 from front needle, * k tog. 1 st. from each needle, and rep. from * to last st. on front needle, k 1.

Break off angora wool, join in white wool, p 1 row, inc. once at each end of needle.

Work 2 rows of st-st., inc. once at each end of 2nd row. Cont. in this manner, working alternately one tuck in angora and 3 rows of st-st. in white wool, and inc. once at each end of 3rd row of angora and 1st and 3rd rows of white wool, until there are 188 sts. on needle.

Complete 8th and 9th tucks without further shaping.

Proceed as follows: Join in white wool.

**1st Row:** P 2 tog., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

**2nd Row:** Cast off 2 sts., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

**3rd Row:** Cast off 2 sts., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Work 10th tuck.

Repeat 1st, 2nd, and 3rd rows.

Work 11th tuck.

**Next Row:** As 1st row of shaping.

**Next Row:** Cast off 2 sts., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

**Next Row:** Cast off 2 sts., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Repeat last 2 rows until 51 sts. remain. Cast off.

## FRONT

Work exactly as given for back until work measures 11in. from commencement.

Join in angora.

**1st Row:** K 73 sts. and slip rem. sts. on to a stitch-holder. Cont. working on first 73 sts., making a tuck, as for the back, inc. once at beg. of 3rd row. Then work 3 rows of st-st., commencing with a purl row and inc. once at end of 1st and 3rd rows. Cont. in this manner, working alternately one tuck in angora and 3 rows of st-st. in white wool, and inc. once at beg. of 3rd row of angora, and at end of 1st and 3rd rows of white wool, until there are 94 sts. on needle. Complete 8th and 9th tucks without further shaping. Then proceed as follows:

Join in white wool.

**1st Row:** P to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

**2nd Row:** Cast off 2 sts., k to end of row.

**3rd Row:** As 1st row.

Work 10th tuck.

Repeat 1st, 2nd, and 3rd rows. Work 11th tuck.

**Next Row:** As 1st row.

**Next Row:** Cast off 2 sts., k to end of row.

**Next Row:** P to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Repeat last 2 rows until 58 sts. remain.

**Next Row:** Cast off 2 sts., k to end of row.

**Next Row:** Cast off 10 sts., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

**Next Row:** Cast off 2 sts., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

**Next Row:** P 2 tog., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Cont. working last 2 rows until no sts. remain.

Work right side to correspond.

## BINDING FOR NECK

Using white wool and No. 11 needles, cast on 6 sts. Work in st-st., inc. once on the left and dec. once on the right in every 2nd row. Cont. in this manner until the binding is a sufficient length to go round neck and front opening. Cast off.

## TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using a ¼in. seam throughout, sew up side and shoulder seams. Make a narrow hem round edge of sleeves. Stitch bias binding round neck and front opening on right side of work, then turn over and hem on wrong side. Sew button on wrong side of jumper at neck and work a loop to correspond.




*"Will you have an aspirin?*
*. . . I mean a Disprin"*

The very good reason for preferring Disprin is that Disprin is substantially neutral and soluble; and so is not likely to cause heartburn, dyspepsia or other symptoms of gastric irritation. Extensive clinical use, in leading hospitals and by many doctors, has shown that these two properties give Disprin very marked therapeutic advantages. Disprin is recommended for all those conditions in which ordinary aspirin would have been taken.

DISPRIN Regd.
TO RELIEVE PAIN
Obtainable only from chemists



*Salon secrets from Innoxa*



Your beauty need not fade so soon

The nearest thing to a miracle, for the woman over 35, is to see her skin grow clearer, smoother, actually years younger, within a matter of weeks. It has happened to others. It can happen to you. Innoxa's Vitormone Cream is the secret. Developed by Dr. Francois Debat, this is one of the most amazing of all Innoxa Preparations. As you use it the years take wing. Face and throat regain the smooth, clear look of youth; "crepeness" smooths out, you look younger than your years.

Vitormone Cream is made in two strengths. Single strength for the "over 35," who have noticed the first warning signs of fading beauty; Double strength for the "over 45," who have more serious problems. No matter what age you are, you can look forward to a wonderful improvement in your skin with the help of Innoxa's Vitormone Cream. How wonderful it is to know that, for far less than the cost of a new hat, the older woman can obtain a new lease of youth! Find out more about Vitormone Cream wherever Innoxa Preparations are sold.

From leading chemists and selected departmental stores including: *N.S.W. Hordern Bros., Farmer's, Mark Foy's, Anthony Hordern's; VIC. The Myer Emporium Ltd., Georges Ltd., Bull & Welch; Q'LAND Finney Isles, T. C. Beirne, J. Delohunty, Allen & Stark Ltd.; S.A. Charles Birk's, Miller Anderson's, The Myer Emporium (S.A.) Ltd., John Martin & Co. Limited; W.A. Foy's, Boans; TAS. A.P. Miller, L. Abra, McKinlays Ltd.*

Innoxa
OF LONDON

86/62.36


## £5000 Quiz Contest Rules

- To enter The Australian Women's Weekly Quiz Contest you must answer at least one complete quiz. You may enter for all of the three or any one or two of them.
- Name and address must be put on each quiz you answer. For instance, if you answer the Office Quiz and the Homemaker Quiz, pin together the answers for the Office Quiz with your name and address written on the entry. Pin together the answers for the Homemaker Quiz and again put your name and address on the entry. You may send your answers in the one envelope.
- Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' views of the relative merits of the entries received.
- Judges will be the Editor and departmental experts of The Australian Women's Weekly. The judges' decisions will be final and no correspondence will be entered into regarding those decisions.
- Winners of the major prizes are not eligible for prizes for individual questions.
- Employees or parents, children, brothers, sisters, or husbands and wives of employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. are not eligible to enter the contest.
- All entrants warrant that their entries are their own original work. Copyright in all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd. Entries will not be returned. They will be destroyed after the contest ends.

Address your entries: Quiz Contest, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389580



Choose

# FASCO

ALL PURPOSE FABRIC

for brighter, longer-lasting family wear . . .



With a few yards of Fasco – the new All Purpose Fabric – you can make brighter, harder-wearing garments for all the family.

Not only is Fasco easy to fashion, it comes beaming from every tub. Fasco is woven in a full range of entrancing colours – all guaranteed fast. It's 35/36 inches finished width – another Actil Guaranteed Quality Product.

AN ACTIL PRODUCT

MAKERS OF ACTIL SHEETS (Linen Finish and Super Twill)
PILLOW CASES · TERRY NURSERY SQUARES

BUY QUALITY BY ACTIL

F5

AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED - ACTIL AVENUE - WOODVILLE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389581

# NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

**No. 101—COVERS FOR SQUARE CORK LUNCHEON MATS**

The covers are obtainable cut out ready to make or ready made, have plain white cotton centres with 2in. frilled gingham edges in blue and white, red and white, yellow and white, and green and white. The covers are styled to fit 6 x 6in., 7 x 10in., or 11 x 8in. cork mats. **Cut Out Ready To Make** in sizes 6 x 6in., 1/9 each; 7 x 10in., 2/1 each; 11 x 8in., 2/4 each. **Ready Made:** Sizes 6 x 6in., 3/6 each; 7 x 10in., 4/3 each; 11 x 8in., 4/11 each. Postage, 3d. each extra.

**No. 100—TENNIS FROCK**

The frock featuring a pin-tucked yoke and front buttoning is cut out ready to make in white British headcloth and white rayon crepe-de-chine.

In headcloth: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 23/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 25/3.

In rayon crepe-de-chine: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 29/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 31/9. Postage and registration, 1/10 extra.

**No. 103—SMALL GIRL'S SUNSUIT**

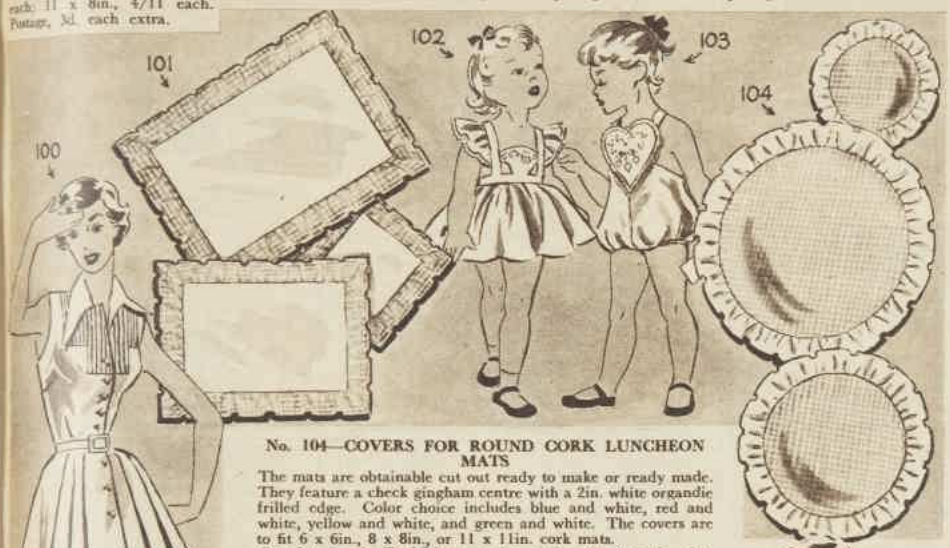
The suit is cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider on British cotton in shades of sky-blue, pink, green, lemon, and natural.

Sizes: 2 years, 6/11, plus 1/- postage; 3 years, 7/3, plus 1/- postage; 4 years, 7/11, plus 1/1 postage; and 5-6 years, 8/6, plus 1/1 postage.

**No. 102—SMALL GIRL'S SUN-DRESS**

The dress is cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is British cotton obtainable in sky-blue, pink, green, lemon, and natural.

Sizes: Length 18in., 2 years, 9/3, plus 1/1 postage; length 19in., 3 years, 9/11, plus 1/1 postage; length 20in., 4 years, 10/9, plus 1/3 postage; length 23in., 5-6 years, 11/3, plus 1/3 postage.




**No. 104—COVERS FOR ROUND CORK LUNCHEON MATS**

The mats are obtainable cut out ready to make or ready made. They feature a check gingham centre with a 2in. white organdie frilled edge. Color choice includes blue and white, red and white, yellow and white, and green and white. The covers are to fit 6 x 6in., 8 x 8in., or 11 x 11in. cork mats.

**Cut Out Ready To Make:** 6 x 6in., 1/9 each; 8 x 8in., 2/1 each; 11 x 11in., 2/6 each.

**Ready Made:** 6 x 6in., 3/6 each; 8 x 8in., 4/3 each; 11 x 11in., 4/11 each. Postage is 3d. each extra.

## Fashion PATTERNS




**Pattern for beginners**

F6609. — Beginners' pattern for a cool, low-cut, summer blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1¼yds. 36in. material. Special price, 1/9.

F6612. — Wide-skirted one-piece with swallow-winged collar in contrast. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4¾yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F6610.—Pretty dress and jacket ensemble designed for a plain or printed dress fabric. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F6611. — Smart, sleeveless one-piece with tucked bodice and pocket detail. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F6613. — Graceful trousseau nightgown has all-lace bodice-top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material for skirt, ⅜yd. 36in. lace and ⅜yd. 36in. net for bodice-top. Price, 3/6.

*FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Ultimo House, 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.*








Tests Published in Authoritative Dental Literature Show That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

**COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!**

*Most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today.*

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice offers such proof — the most conclusive proof ever reported for a dentifrice of any type.

USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
✓ TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH
✓ WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH
✓ AND HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY BEST

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

BUY THE BIG FAMILY ECONOMY SIZE

America's largest, Australia's largest, the World's largest selling dental cream



NO SINK SCRATCH

with this GRIT-FREE Cleanser




TWO HANDY FORMS POWDER AND CAKE

IT GETS THE DIRT—IT CUTS GREASE FAST BUT NEVER, NEVER SCRATCHES!

A super-shine as you clean —it's yours with Bon Ami Cleanser. Grit-free Bon Ami can't scratch the shiny surfaces of your sinks, bath, pots and pans . . . and it's kind to your hands, too. No wonder millions of women won't use any other cleanser. Buy it . . . try it . . . and see for yourself!

*The safe, speedy cleanser*

**BON AMI** "hasn't scratched yet!"




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389582

[ADVERTISEMENT]

# Here's a MAN'S DECISION that needs a WOMAN'S HELP!



**The news these days is bringing before many thousands of men the necessity of making a serious decision — one that is vitally important to themselves, to their dependants, and to Australia. It is a decision in which women are entitled to share responsibility—the decision to undertake spare-time training in the C.M.F.**




**If a man is of military age and physically fit, he will be asking himself: "What will happen to me in the event of war? Will I go in as a raw recruit?"**



**He will be wondering what will happen to his sweetheart or his wife and home. He knows that if he is in the Services the higher his rank, the better off his dependants will be financially.**



**If he is wise, he will decide to train now in the C.M.F. Then he would be in line for immediate promotion and advantages in the event of war. All training is in spare time and does not affect home life.**



**C.M.F. training takes little time, and provides many advantages. New technical skills and interests, for instance, frequently prove useful in civil life or as hobbies.**



**Outdoor activities, and the comradeship of the best types of young men, make training really enjoyable . . . physical fitness and a keen, alert personality are developed.**

**IN WAR-TIME, training saves lives.** The man who has already been trained in the C.M.F. to become an efficient soldier secures immediate advantages in seniority and promotion in the event of war. Not only is he well fitted to defend his country, but his knowledge and experience may well be the means of saving his life. ONLY *PART* OF A MAN'S *SPARE* TIME is required for C.M.F. training. Twelve days' home training (mostly night parades) and fourteen days' camp annually is called for. All time spent is paid for at full Army rates. Most employers allow the annual camp in addition to usual holidays.

**You can be proud of the man who is ready to defend you.**

**Because C.M.F. training *strengthens* Australia's defences . . . because the trained man has a better chance of survival . . . because, in peace-time, it makes a good man better—for these reasons, wise women throughout Australia encourage their menfolk to join the C.M.F.—*now!***
**A man must make the decision, but a woman's help will give him the *assurance* that he is doing the right thing.**

**The men who wear this badge are carrying on the glorious tradition of the A.I.F.** *Issued by the Director-General of Recruiting.*

# PERRY MASON

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

● Ilya Adams' first husband, David Bidon, who had been reported dead five years previously, has returned. Perry Mason and Della go with Ilya to the airport to meet Bidon, who does not know that she has married Dr. Adams and has a baby son.



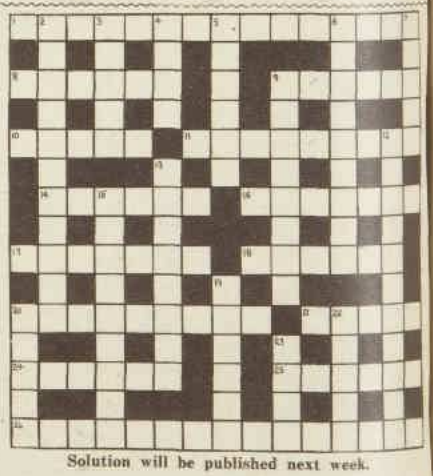

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

1. Its dwelling place was the "Hearthrug, near the Fender" and her owner made of it an Esq. (6, 5, 4).
8. He may have the casting vote but he is not even human (3, 3).
9. A log contained in a highland warcry (6).
10. A strong man killed there a hydra (5).
11. Agreement binding apprentice to master in a set of artificial teeth (9).
14. Stews in small quantities with a file broken in the middle (6).
16. Being pressing, you are news in the Air Force, see why? (7).
17. Were you present, this would become Electra early in the day (7).
18. Gee, no sisters in the knowledge of spiritual mysteries (6).
20. Grip in a fence gives wealth (9).
21. Rent the drunken bookie (5).
24. Seem as if father turned to a fruit (6).
25. Powerful shelter beside an Italian river (6).
26. Young amphibious reptile who welcomes little fishes with gently smiling jaws (6, 9).



**Solution to last week's crossword.**



**Solution will be published next week.**

### DOWN

2. My first is for a fireman, my second for a printer, and my whole (not hole) for a lady (11).
3. Plant with aromatic seeds sounds as if a Yorkshireman had invited you to enter (5).
4. Chant half a prison (4).
5. Mad in sound mind (6).
6. Frost and rein may form the borders of a country (9).
7. Tea seen mixed and stretched out (5).
8. Holy ease and a jewel can guide a motor car (8).
12. Roses in lace (anagr., 11).
13. Fifty-two weeks of waxing (4, 4).
15. Fifty-one lies before tea makes most solitary (9).
19. A man who makes the pitcher has his heart inside (6).
20. Take advantage of (6).
22. Put a beginning for worthless (5).
23. The Odyssey is such a poem (4).





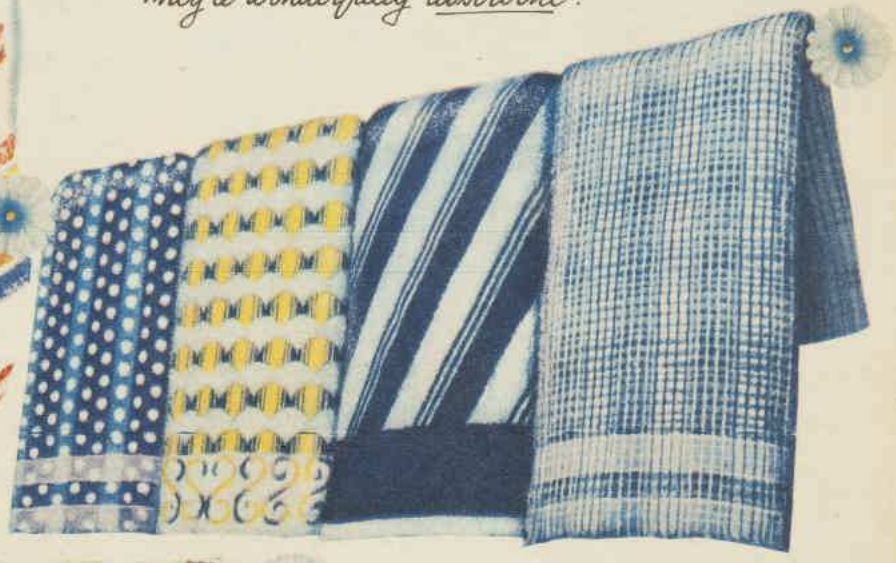
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389583



# Big "Dri-Glo" towels

No other towels, local or imported,
can equal them for design and colour.

*They're thicker and keep their surface longer!*
*They're brightest in my bathroom!*
*They're wonderfully absorbent!*





See them in thick and thin stripes, jacquards, checks. They're all guaranteed fast—they're all wonderful for your home . . . they're all wonderful gifts for birthdays, for brides, for Christmas which is just around the corner. Double-strength "Dri-Glo" towels really last!



"Dri-Glo" towels are distributed throughout Australia by Bond's Industries Ltd. As fast as they are delivered they sell. That's why they're still in short supply.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389584



Only a genuine

Country Club Shirt has the Country Club look

*Now available in luxury fabrics loomed in England for Country Club exclusively*

LOOK FOR THE LABEL

Country Club

*Tailored by Buckwalter with the* PAT. PEND. *NEATLINE collar*

STYLED BY SPIRE OF CALIFORNIA


# Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician,
LOTHAR: His Nubian servant,
PRINCESS NARDA: And explorer
MUNDEN: Are in the polar regions, where Mandrake and Lothar have found the jewelled city visited by Munden on a previous expedition.

In the strangely deserted, warm area of the city they meet Gena and her brother. Gena tells of Munden's "cold" and how the rest of her people died of it. Suddenly the earth shakes, walls crumble, and the four run for their lives. NOW READ ON:






National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389585



# That spring feeling

Gay and colorful, these smart new HANRO knitteds really have that Spring feeling! In eye-catching designs, form-fitting and flattering, they're warming as the sun on a bright Spring morning — the very thing for between-seasons wear! Made from Australia's own pure merino wool, perfectly cut and finished, you'll find HANRO knitwear in all good stores. Make a point of always asking for HANRO brand — it's your guarantee of Australia's best value in men's and women's knitwear.

KNITWEAR BY

Hanro

"THE QUALITY IS A PROUD TRADITION"

SOLD BY LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389586




**Yes...** a Persil wash is the whitest wash because Persil and only Persil is a blend of pure soap and oxygen—and it's Persil's oxygen-charged suds that *make* the difference. *Are you using New Persil yet?*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4389587